The Four Winds of Eirinn

Poems by
Anna Mac Manus.
(Ethna Carbery.)

M. H. Gill & Son
Dublin.

Irene Owen Andrew
December 1922

Very sincerely yours
Anna Mae Mann

THE FOUR WINDS OF EIRINN

POEMS BY ETHNA CARBERY

Edited by
SEUMAS MacMANUS

NEW EDITION
WITH MEMOIR AND ADDITIONAL POEMS

DUBLIN
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ANNA JOHNSTON MacMANUS

("ETHNA CARBERY"),

In the flower of her youth and the blossoming of her genius,

Closed her eyes on Ireland of her heart's love,

APRIL 2ND, 1902.

Beannacht Dé le n-a h-anam.

The voice of the singer is silenced, the heart is stilled, the hand grown cold, and the loveful eyes are closed for evermore. A light has been quenched in Eirinn: another hope has gone under the green sod.

It was God's will. He knows what is best. Go n-déantar do thoil, a Dia.

She that sang these songs, and died—with a song on her lips, and youth's bloom still on her cheeks—sang, as does the lark, because her heart, always filled with happiness and love, delighted to spill in melody upon the earth its overflowing joys. For, a kind God had compressed into her short years more exuberant happiness than is usually bestowed in a long life.

Within Ireland this grand old chieftainry of Tír-Chonaill had always, strangely, drawn her affection. She dreamt and sang of it for long years before she was fated to see it. Joyously, with me, she came at length to the welcoming arms which our mountains reached out to her—unthinking that she came but to quaff her final cup of bliss, and bequeath her bones to the Hills of her Heart for ever.

From childhood till the closing hour, every fibre of her frame vibrated with love of Ireland. Before the tabernacle of poor Ireland's hopes she burned in her bosom a perpetual flame of faith. Her great warm heart kept the door of its fondest affection wide open to all who loved Ireland, and

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lived for Ireland, and strove for Ireland—and in her heart of hearts was sacredly cherished the Memory of the holy Dead who died for Ireland.

Our Motherland has had daughters as noble, as brave, as faithful and loving as Anna Johnston, but never was gathered to the Mother's breast one MORE *noble-souled, upright, courageous of heart, or one* MORE *passionately faithful, than she.*

Sad it is to think that she who struggled so bravely onward during the Night—when stouter than she grew weary, and despaired, and lagged behind—should have been dismissed to the unending slumber before there burst upon her hungering vision the glorious Dawning of the Day—the first slender spears of which, with her spirit eyes, she believed she saw striking the sky!

Optimistic, hopeful, strong, she ever kept her face to the East. "Only another hill or two and we'll surely meet the Dawn." During the last few weeks of her journey I came to see that, like the King of Ireland's Son in the old tales we loved, she was toiling up the Hill of the World's End—climbing it alone, though it had been her constant prayer that we should bend to it hand in hand. And God knows, as I who watched know, the climb was a difficult one and a distressing. Yet her lips parted not in murmur: and the smile that had played there all her life did not leave her eyes now. On a beautiful morn of the glorious Eastertide her task was done: she only paused to cast back one last look; and then, still telling through her tightening fingers the brown beads that had cheered her on the way, she stepped over the crest, and went out of our sight for ever.

But I know that, pure of heart, white of soul, as she was, she walked into a Dawning resplendent and never-ending.

SEUMAS MacMANUS.

Donegal, Bealtaine, 1902.

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THE
POEMS OF ETHNA CARBERY.

THE COLD SLEEP OF BRIGHIDÍN.*

There's a sweet sleep for my love by yon glimmering blue wave,
But alas! it is a cold sleep in a green-happed narrow grave.
O shadowy Finn, move slowly,
Break not her peace so holy,
Stir not her slumber in the grass your restless ripples lave.

My Heart's Desire, my Treasure, our wooing time was brief,
From the misty dawns of April till the fading of the leaf,
From the first clear cuckoo calling
Till the harvest gold was falling,
And my store of joy was garnered at the binding of the sheaf.

There came another lover, more swift than I, more strong,
He bore away my little love in middle of her song;
Silent, ah me! his wooing,
And silent his pursuing,
Silent he stretched his arms to her who did not tarry long.

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* In the light of after-events, this song—even in the very particulars of season and month—proves to have been the singer's own inspired death-lament.

So in his House of Quiet she keeps her troth for aye
With him, the stronger lover, until the Judgment Day:
And I go lonely, lonely,
Bereft of my one only
Bright star, Rose-blossom, Singing-bird that held the year at May.

The purple mountains guard her, the valley folds her in,
In dreams I see her walking with angels cleansed of sin.
Is heaven too high and saintly
For her to hear, though faintly,
One word of all my grieving on her grave beside Loch Finn?

SHIELA NÍ GARA.

Shiela Ní Gara, it is lonesome where you bide,
With the plover circling over and the sagans spreading wide,
With an empty sea before you, and behind a wailing world,
Where the sword lieth rusty and the Banner Blue is furled.

Is it a sail ye wait, Shiela ? " Yea, from the westering sun."
Shall it bring joy or sorrow ? " Oh, joy sadly won."
Shall it bring peace or conflict ? " The pibroch in the glen,
And the flash and crash of battle where my banner shines again."

Green spears of Hope rise round you like grass-blades after drouth,
And there blows a red wind from the East, a white wind from the South,
A brown wind from the West, *a grádh*, a brown wind from the West—
But the black, black wind from Northern hills, now can you love it best ?

Said Shiela Ní Gara, " 'Tis a kind wind and a true,
For it rustled soft through Aileach's halls and stirred the hair of Hugh ;
Then blow, wind ! and snow, wind ! What matters storm to me,
Now I know the fairy sleep must break and let the sleepers free."

But, Shiela Ní Gara, why rouse the stony dead,
Since at your call a living host will circle you instead ?
Long is our hunger for your voice, the hour is drawing, near—
Oh, Dark Rose of our Passion—call, and our hearts shall hear!

IN TÍR-NA'N-OG.

In Tír-na'n-Og,
In Tír-na'n-Og,
Summer and spring go hand in hand, and in the radiant weather
Brown autumn leaves and winter snow come floating down together.

In Tír-na'n-Og,
In Tír-na'n-Og,
The sagans sway this way and that, the twisted fern uncloses,
The quicken-berry hides its red above the tender roses.

In Tír-na'n-Og,
In Tír-na'n-Og,
The blackbird lilts, the robin chirps, the linnet wearies never,
They pipe to dancing feet of *Sidhe* and thus shall pipe for ever.

In Tír-na'n-Og,
In Tír-na'n-Og,
All in a drift of apple-blooms my true love there is roaming,
He will not come although I pray from dawning until gloaming.

In Tír-na'n-Og,
In Tír-na'n-Og,
The *Sidhe* desired my Heart's Delight, they lured him from my keeping,
He stepped within a fairy ring while all the world was sleeping.

In Tír-na'n-Og,
In Tír-na'n-Og,
He hath forgotten hill and glen where misty shadows gather,
The bleating of the mountain sheep, the cabin of his father.

In Tír-na'n-Og,
In Tír-na'n-Og,
He wanders in a happy dream thro' scented golden hours,
He flutes, to woo a fairy love, knee deep in fairy flowers.

In Tír-na'n-Og,
In Tír-na'n-Og,
No memory hath he of my face, no sorrow for my sorrow,
My flax is spun, my wheel is hushed, and so I wait the morrow.

THE SONG OF CIABHAN.

To the Isle of Peace
  I turn our prow:
No angry seas
  Shall fright you now;
But calm lake waters
  Lie smooth as glass,
  Where we shall pass
From the place of slaughters.

The slow blue stars
  Beneath your brows
At the clash of wars
  Need never rouse;
Through day hours winging,
  My love shall tend,
  And my gold harp send
You to sleep with singing.

Tall blossoms gleam
  Where the spear-sharp sedge
Sways in its dream
  By the wavelet's edge;
There shall come to harm you
  No scourging wind;
  But south-blown, kind,
It shall soothe and charm you.

A wattled dun
  Safe-sheltered, strong,
For my treasured one
  Hath waited long;
Of the wild bee's honey
  A queenly fare
  Shall glad you there
In a grianán sunny.

Broad wings of red,
And green and azure,
Make a roof outspread
To give you pleasure;
Strange scrolls are shining
On walls lime-white—
A mystic sight
In their wondrous twining.

Its oaken door
Hath a threshold shady,
To lure you o'er,
O sunbright lady.
My wolf-hound lingers
Beside our seat
For the stroking, Sweet,
Of your slender fingers.

In our Isle the calm
Slow-dropping dew
Shall shed its balm
'Twixt night and you:
And peace shall hover,
Till Angus calls,
And the Great Peace falls
On beloved and lover.

MO CHRAOIBHÍN CNO.*

A Sword of Light hath pierced the dark, our eyes
have seen the Star:
Oh Eire, leave the ways of sleep now days of promise are:
The rusty spears upon your walls are stirring to and fro,
In dreams they front uplifted shields—Then wake,
Mo Chraoibhín Cno!

The little waves creep whispering where sedges fold you in,
And round you are the barrows of your buried kith and
kin;
Oh! famine-wasted, fever-burnt, they faded like the snow
Or set their hearts to meet the steel—for you,
Mo Chraoibhín Cno!

Their names are blest, their *caoine* sung, our bitter tears
are dried;
We bury Sorrow in their graves, Patience we cast aside;
Within the gloom we hear a voice that once was ours to
know—
'Tis Freedom—Freedom calling loud, Arise!
Mo Chraoibhín Cno!

Afar beyond that empty sea, on many a battle-place,
Your sons have stretched brave hands to Death before
the foeman's face—
Down the sad silence of your rest their war-notes faintly
blow,
And bear an echo of your name—of yours,
Mo Chraoibhín Cno!

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* Pr. *Mo chreeveen no.* "My cluster of nuts"=my brown-haired girl, i.e. Ireland.

Then wake, *a grádh!* We yet shall win a gold crown for
your head,
Strong wine to make a royal feast—the white wine and
the red—
And in your oaken mether the yellow mead shall flow
What day you rise, in all men's eyes—a Queen,
Mo Chraoibhín Cno!

The silver speech our fathers knew shall once again be
heard;
The fire-lit story, crooning song, sweeter than lilt of bird;
Your quicken-tree shall break in flower, its ruddy fruit
shall glow,
And the Gentle People dance beneath its shade—
Mo Chraoibhín Cno!

There shall be peace and plenty—the kindly open door;
Blessings on all who come and go—the prosperous or the
poor—
The misty glens and purple hills a fairer tint shall show,
When your splendid Sun shall ride the skies again—
Mo Chraoibhín Cno!

THE WELL O' THE WORLD'S END.

Beyond the four seas of Eire, beyond the sunset's rim,
It lies half-forgot, in a valley deep and dim;
Like a star of fire from the skies' gold tire,
And whoso drinks the nine drops shall win his heart's desire—
At the Well o' the World's End.

What go ye seeking, seeking, seeking,
O girl white-bosomed, O girl fair and young?
"I seek the Well-water, the cool Well-water,
That my love may have love for me ever on his tongue."

What go ye seeking, seeking, seeking,
O lad of the dreaming eyes, slender lad and tall?
"I seek the Well-water, the cool Well-water,
That the *cailín* I love best may love me best of all."

What go ye seeking, seeking, seeking,
O mother, with your little babe folded on your arm?
"I seek the Well-water, the cool Well-water,
That nine drops upon his lips may shield my child from harm."

What go ye seeking, seeking, seeking,
O gray head, long weary of the vigil that ye keep?
"I seek the Well-water, the cool Well-water,
That nigh it I may rest awhile, and after fall asleep."

THE KING OF IRELAND'S CAIRN.

Blow softly down the valley,
O wind, and stir the fern
That waves its green fronds over
The King of Ireland's Cairn.

Here in his last wild foray
He fell, and here he lies—
His armour makes no rattle,
The clay is in his eyes.

His spear, that once was lightning
Hurled with unerring hand,
Rusts by his fleshless fingers
Beside his battle brand.

His shield that made a pillow
Beneath his noble head,
Hath mouldered, quite forgotten,
With the half-forgotten dead.

Say, doth his ghost remember
Old fights—old revellings,
When the victor-chant re-echoed
In Tara of the Kings?

Say, down those Halls of Quiet
Doth he cry upon his Queen?
Or doth he sleep contented
To dream of what has been?

Nay, nay, he still is kingly—
He wanders in a glen
Where Fionn goes by a-hunting
With misty Fenian men.

He sees the hounds of wonder
  Bring down their fleeting prey,
He sees the swift blood flowing
  At dawning of the day.

At night he holds his revels
  Just as a king might do—
But the ghostly mirth is silent,
  The harp-song silent, too!

And he who crowns the feasting,
  His shadowy Queen beside,
Is pale as when they stretched him
  That bitter eve he died.

. . . . .

'Tis well he seeks no tidings—
  His heart would ache to know
That all is changed in Ireland
  And Tara lieth low.

That we go wailing, wailing,
  Around a foreign horde—
Nor raise the call to conflict,
  Nor ever draw the sword.

TURLOUGH MacSWEENEY.

A health to you, Piper,
And your pipes, silver-tongued, clear and sweet
in their crooning!

Full of the music they gathered at morn
On your high heather hills from the lark on the wing,
From the blackbird at eve on the blossoming thorn,
From the little green linnet whose plaining they sing,
And the joy and the hope in the heart of the Spring,
O, Turlough MacSweeney!

Play us our Eire's most sorrowful songs,
As she sits by her reeds near the wash of the wave,
That the coldest may thrill at the count of her wrongs,
That the sword may flash forth from the scabbard to save,
And the wide land awake at the wrath of the brave,
O, Turlough MacSweeney!

Play as the bards played in days long ago,
When O'Donnell, arrayed for the foray or feast,
With your kinsmen from Bannat and Fannat and Doe,
With piping and harping, and blessing of priest,
Rode out in the blaze of the sun from the East,
O, Turlough MacSweeney!

Play as they played in that rapturous hour
When the clans heard in gladness his young fiery call
Who burst from the gloom of the Sassenach tower,
And sped to the welcome in dear Donegal,
Then on to his hailing as chieftain of all—
O, Turlough MacSweeney!

Play as they played, when, a trumpet of war,
His voice for the rally, pealed up to the blue,
And the kerns from the hills and the glens and the scaur
Marched after the banner of conquering Hugh—
Led into the fray by a piper like you,
O, Turlough MacSweeney!

And surely no note of such music shall fail,
Wherever the speech of our Eire is heard,
To foster the hope of the passionate Gael,
To fan the old hatred, relentless when stirred,
To strengthen our souls for the strife to be dared,
O, Turlough MacSweeney!

May your pipes, silver-tongued, clear and sweet in their crooning,
Keep the magic they captured at dawning and even
From the blackbird at home, and the lark on its journey,
From the thrush on its spray, and the little green linnet.
A health to you, Piper!

THE LOVE-TALKER.

I met the Love-Talker one eve in the glen,
He was handsomer than any of our handsome young men,
His eyes were blacker than the sloe, his voice sweeter far
Than the crooning of old Kevin's pipes beyond in Coolnagar.

I was bound for the milking with a heart fair and free—
My grief! my grief! that bitter hour drained the life from me;
I thought him human lover, though his lips on mine were cold,
And the breath of death blew keen on me within his hold.

I know not what way he came, no shadow fell behind,
But all the sighing rushes swayed beneath a fairy wind;
The thrush ceased its singing, a mist crept about,
We two clung together—with the world shut out.

Beyond the ghostly mist I could hear my cattle low,
The little cow from Ballina, clean as driven snow,
The dun cow from Kerry, the roan from Inisheer,
Oh, pitiful their calling—and his whispers in my ear!

His eyes were a fire; his words were a snare;
I cried my mother's name, but no help was there;
I made the blessed Sign: then he gave a dreary moan,
A wisp of cloud went floating by, and I stood alone.

Running ever thro' my head is an old-time rune—
"Who meets the Love-Talker must weave her shroud soon."
My mother's face is furrowed with the salt tears that fall,
But the kind eyes of my father are the saddest sight of all.

I have spun the fleecy lint and now my wheel is still,
The linen length is woven for my shroud fine and chill,
I shall stretch me on the bed where a happy maid I lay—
Pray for the soul of Máire Óg at dawning of the day!

PÁISTÍN FIONN.

O, *Páistín Fionn*, but it vexed her sore,
The day you turned from your mother's door
For the wide gray sea, and the strife and din
That lie beyond, where the ships go in.

There was always peace in the little town—
The kindly neighbours went up and down,
With a word to you, and a word to me,
And a helping hand where need might be.

The sheltering hills and the rainbow skies,
Set the dreams alight in your boyish eyes,
And the shrill sweet singing from every brake
Stirred in your heart a restless ache.

So you left our glens, and our fishful streams,
To follow the lure of your boyish dreams:
Through the lonely cities you wander long,
Far from the moors and the blackbird's song.

Has the world been good to you, *Páistín Fionn*?
Has the yellow gold that you sought to win
Been worth the toil and the danger dared?
Has plenty blessed you and sorrow spared?

Your mother sits in the dusk alone,
And croons old songs in an undertone,
Old cradle-songs that your childhood knew,
When her folding arms made a world for you.

Her sad heart, loving and hoping on,
Awaits your footsteps from dark to dawn—
The thin cheeks paler and paler grow,
With hunger for you as the hours drift slow.

Then, *Páistín Fionn*, come back, come back—
A homebound bird o'er the glancing track;
The door is open—the hearth is red—
And our love is calling you, Dear Fair Head.

MARY OF CARRICK.

Mary of Carrick has gone away
From our pleasant places, down to the sea,
She has put a loss on our mountain gray,
She has drained the joy from the heart o' me,
Mary a-stór,
Mary a-stór,
Black hair, black eyes, I am grieving sore!

Mary of Carrick is small and sweet—
My Share of the World, how sweet were you
Tripping along on little bare feet
With your milking-pails through the rainbow dew?
Mary a-stór,
Mary a-stór,
The sun was a shadow with you to the fore!

Mary of Carrick gave only a smile—
No word of comfort for words I spake,
But since she left me, this weary while,
My heart is learning the way to break,
Mary a-stór,
Mary a-stór,
Quick is my learning—and bitter the lore!

Mary of Carrick, 'tis you I must follow,
For where you are 'tis there I must be—
On mountain gray, or in heathery hollow,
Or where the salt wind blows from the sea.
Mary a-stór,
Mary a-stór,
When I find I shall bind you, nor lose evermore!

NIAMH.

Oh, who is she, and what is she ?
A beauty born eternally
Of shimmering moonshine, sunset flame,
And rose-red heart of dawn ;
None knows the secret ways she came—
Whither she journeys on.

I follow her, I follow her
By haunted pools with dreams astir,
And over blue unwearied tides
Of shadow-waves, where sleep
Old loves, old hates, whose doom derides
Vows we forget to keep.

I send my cry, I send my cry
Adown the arches of the sky,
Along the pathway of the stars,
Through quiet and through stress ;
I beat against the saffron bars
That guard her loveliness.

And low I hear, oh, low I hear,
Her cruel laughter, fluting, clear,
I see far-off the drifted gold
Of wind-blown flying hair ;
I stand without in dark and cold
And she is—Where ? Where ? Where ?

ON AN ISLAND.

Weary on ye, sad waves!
Still scourging the lonely shore.
Oh, I am far from my father's door,
And my kindred's graves!

From day to day, outside
There is nothing but dreary sea;
And at night o'er the dreams of me
The great waters glide.

If I look to east or west,
Green billows go tipped with foam—
Green woods gird my father's home,
With birds in each nest.

The grass is bitter with brine,
Sea-stunted the rushes stir—
In my father's woods the fir
Smells sweeter than wine.

My mother's eyes were kind,
But oh! kind eyes and smile
That won me to this lone isle,
She is left behind.

For love came like a storm,
Uprooted, and bound me here
In chains more strong, more dear,
Than the old home charm.

. . . . . .

Swiftly I thrust away
This thought of the Woods of Truagh,
My poplar, my fir are you,
My larch a-sway—

My mether of full delight,
My sun that is never spent,
And thus I go well-content
Through gray days in your light.

THE HEATHERY HILL.

I mind it well, and I see it yet
In a halo of sunset glory,
When I climbed knee-deep through the gorse and fern
To keep my tryst with Rory.
Like a singing-flame the little red lark
Poured the joy of its heart above me;
My grief, my grief! for the Heathery Hill
And the lad that used to love me.

The blue mist eerily drifted down,
Till the kine were lost in shadow,
'Twas time for Rory to come this way
By boreen and dewy meadow.
Then, then a song, that was sweeter far
Than thrush's or lark's, rose near me—
Oh! I'm thinking long for the Heathery Hill
And the voice of my lad to cheer me.

I miss my mother the livelong day—
Sure I was my mother's treasure;
I cry in dreams for my father's fields,
And the city holds no pleasure:
I'd part its ease and its golden store,
Though the wise folk may deride me,
For a summer eve on the Heathery Hill
And the lad o' my heart beside me.

THE SPELL-STRICKEN.

I hung my gift on the hawthorn bush,
Because three sips from the Holy Well
Had hurried the fever out of my veins,
And a pain that no tongue could tell.

And the gift I gave to the good Saint Bride
Was your little kerchief of spotted blue—
Cáilín deas, it had circled your neck,
And was sweet with the warmth of you.

The priest came by as I sat and dreamed
(I dreamed at night and I dreamed at noon),
He laid his kindly hand on my brow—
"Are you hearing a fairy tune?

"Do you hear them sing as you sit and smile?"
Then he led my steps to the blessed place,
I drank that day from his hollowed palms,
And he prayed, "God give you grace."

No fairy piping had troubled me—
It was you, O girl of the yellow hair!
It was you, bright blossom of loveliness!
Who set for my soul a snare.

Your smile had more than the strength of ten
To draw me after—your frown was worse,
For then I turned to the cup of woe,
And drained to the dregs its curse.

Mary O'Hara, my soul is safe!
I walk with men as a man should walk,
No longer my mother makes her moan
For my idle hours and my foolish talk.

I see you pass in your homespun dress,
Your white throat bare, and your eyelids meek,
But your wonder of beauty is all in vain,
Dark eyes, soft lips, and young round cheek.

Is it in vain? Kind saints be near!
I vow that the tortures of love are fled;
Yet something stirs at yon light foot-fall,
Till I close my ears for dread.

Mary O'Hara, pass on, pass on,
The spell is broken—the captive free.
Pass on, ere I pillow your yellow head
On my heart where it used to be.

SLÁINTE NA H-ÉIREANN.

O wind-drifted Branch, lift your head to the sun,
For the sap of new life in your veins hath begun,
And a little young bud of the tenderest green
Mine eyes through the snow and the sorrow have seen!

O little green bud, break and blow into flower,
Break and blow through the welcome of sunshine and shower;
'Twas a long night and dreary you hid there forlorn,
But now the cold hills wear the radiance of morn!

And there will be joy in our hearts since you bring
A whisper of Hope and a promise of Spring—
A Spring that is fairer for long waiting years,
And a Hope that is dearer because of our tears.

GLEN MOYLENA.

All the Summer for our loving, with the soft wind in the wheat!
Ah! but Autumn brought disaster, speeding far on deadly feet.
We two kept our tryst that eve; how you clasped me, loth to leave,
Though the pikemen sought their chief in Glen Moylena.

"Ere I go to meet my doom, Love, one kiss—the best and last.
Sweet wet eyes, oh, vex me not with haunting memories of the past.
Make me brave for death, I pray, since I tread a sterner way
Than the woodbine-scented paths of Glen Moylena."

To the wise moon gleams of steel flashed defiance from the shade,
Round the hill the red-coats toiled, plunder-laden, unafraid;
Then the horror of the meeting, pike and pike sprang out in greeting—
(Sleep in peace, ye pallid ghosts of Glen Moylena).

"*This* for Eileen, yellow-haired, *this* for dear and dark-eyed Maeve,
This for altar overthrown, *this* for desecrated grave,
Strong and swift for hunger dire, withered mother, murdered sire"—
Red the heart's-blood tinged each pike in Glen Moylena.

Fighting through the startled night, fighting while the shy dawn peeps
On stark forms upon the sward, green and red in ghastly heaps;
Hand to hand in desperate strife, fighting for your country's life,
Fighting till ye lost the day in Glen Moylena.

Since you came not, *stór mo chroidhe*, through the gloom I wandered far:
High above in heaven trembled here and there a frightened star,
I could hear the sleuth-hounds' bay, tracking sure their bleeding prey,
Hear the cry of spear-tossed babes in Glen Moylena.

In those awful hours, while Death reaped for harvest Ireland's best,
By the thorn-crowned rath I stole, where some old king takes his rest,
Kindly angels mourned with me, when beneath our trysting-tree,
Cold and wan I found you, love, in Glen Moylena.

Brave in life, brave in death, in the foremost ranks you fell,
With the torn green banner draped round the heart that loved it well,
Staring with your dead grey eyes to the pitiful wet skies,
Saddest day of all the days in Glen Moylena!

. . . . . .

There's a quiet dell, unknown save to Love and me alone,
Where the Spring-time enters first, and where Summer holds her throne;
Where I kneel at eve and weep tears that never thrill your sleep,
Only keep your grave-grass green in Glen Moylena.

THE SAD SONG OF FINIAN.

I was sent adrift on the waves of the world,
Ochón! ochón!
All for the sake ot the yellow-curled
Slender girl that I wished my own.

I wandered East and I wandered West,
Ochón! ochón!
And never saw sloe-blossom white as her breast,
Though the heart in under is hard as a stone.

I was scourged by the cruel Red Wind o' the Hills,
Ochón! ochón!
I lay all night in the mist that chills,
And to God and Mary I made my moan.

I saw through the dark her eyes aglow,
Ochón! ochón!
Shadowy, shimmering like the flow
Ot running water o'er rock moss-grown.

I saw through the dark the shine of her hair,
Ochón! ochón!
It floated over and round me there—
A golden web down the silence blown.

I saw through the dark her rowan-hued lips,
Ochón! ochón!
Her cheek, soft-curving, whose young blush slips
Into the snow 'bove her kerchief shown.

My Star of Knowledge! my Flower of Grace!
Ochón! ochón!
'Tis she has left me in woeful case,
With empty arms to lament alone.

I wander North and I wander South,
Ochón! ochón!
In the veins of my heart is a burning drouth,
And love for her tortures my every bone.

I am adrift on the waves of the world—
Ochón! ochón!
Tossed by the storm, by the green seas whirled,
All for the sake of the yellow-curled
Slender girl that I wished my own.

THE BROWN WIND OF CONNAUGHT.

The brown wind of Connaught—
  Across the bogland blown,
(*The brown wind of Connaught*),
  Turns my heart to a stone;
For it cries my name at twilight,
  And cries it at the noon—
O, Mairgread Bán! O, Mairgread Bán!
  Just like a fairy tune.

The brown wind of Connaught,
  When Dermot came to woo,
(*The brown wind of Connaught*),
  It heard his whispers too;
And while my wheel goes whirring,
  It taps on my window-pane,
Till I open wide to the Dead outside,
  And the sea-salt misty rain.

The brown wind of Connaught
  With women wailed one day
(*The brown wind of Connaught*),
  For a wreck in Galway Bay;
And many the dark-faced fishers
  That gathered their nets in fear,
But one sank straight to the Ghostly Gate—
  And he was my Dermot Dear.

The brown wind of Connaught
  Still keening in the dawn,
(*The brown wind of Connaught*),
  For my true love long gone.
Oh, cold green wave of danger,
  Drift him a restful sleep
O'er his young black head on its lowly bed,
  While his weary wake I keep.

THE FOUR PLACES OF SORROW.

There is sorrow for me in the North, where the black wind blows,
(Hush, O Wind of the dirges, O Voice of the restless dead !)
The ache of its cruel keening thro' my heart like an arrow goes,
I see in the tossing waters the sheen of a dear bright head.

There is sorrow for me in the South, where the white wind sings,
(Hush, O Wind of all lovers, crooning a laugh and a cry !)
On the pain of a dream love-haunted breaks the music of wings,
Seagulls, sweeping and swaying, saw ye my dead drift by ?

There is sorrow for me in the East, where the red wind burns,
(Hush, O Wind of remorse, O Wind of the scourging flame !)
Under its slow cold dawning the soul of the drowned returns
And wan, in the startled daybreak, a ghost from the sea he came.

There is sorrow for me in the West, where the brown wind raves,
(Hush, O Wind from the bogs, O memory-freighted Wind !)
He is spind ift hither and thither, sport of unweary waves :
Would that my heart were close on his heart, my eyes on his eyes were blind !

CAROLL O'DALY.

I never dance as in days of yore,
Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!
The banquet hall knows my mirth no more,
My song is silent, my wheel at rest,
My desolate heart hath grief for guest;
Bran at my feet sits wistful-eyed,
I am too weary to cheer or chide—
And my maidens repine for the joy that was mine,
Caroll, my lover!

The birds still trill at my window, Dear!
Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!
Why are they happy and you not here?
Once while the thrush sang his lay for us,
His little heart's phantasy tremulous—
On a bough of roses swayed to and fro,
You told me the story I yearned to know;
Now the bloom's on the thorn and I wander forlorn,
Caroll, my lover!

To-night of all nights, if you were nigh,
Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!
You and your good steed prancing by;
Vainly my maids on the marriage dawn,
Might seek the pale bride in bower and bawn,
There would be sorrow and wild surprise,
And flashings of ire in my bridegroom's eyes—
But no succour is near for my grieving and fear,
Caroll, my lover!

They say you have wedded a lady fair,
Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!
In that southern land of the perfumed air—
Beauteous as she who Diarmuid wooed
From a perilous court to the solitude;
Gentle as Deirdre, whom poets sing,
And *I* dream and dream that your kisses cling
To my lips grown white for the lost delight,
Caroll, my lover!

. . . . . .

O harper gray, did you ever meet,
Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!
In forest glade, or in crowded street,
In banquet chamber, or cloister dim?
Heard you the warring world's praise of him
For chivalrous daring, in danger's face;
For generous spirit and knightly grace,
Or do sighing winds sweep o'er his lonely last sleep?
(Caroll, my lover!)

O harper, chant me your saddest strain!
Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!
Cometh no more to soothe my pain.
Sing me of Lir, and the swans that toil
Broken and soul-wrung through waves of Moyle,
Sing of the lovers whose dead hearts grew
Into tall trees of the apple and yew—
While I mourn for my woe and the heavy tears flow,
(Caroll, my lover!)

"*Eibhlín, Eibhlín, Eibhlín a rúin,*
Caroll O'Daly! Caroll O'Daly!
(This minstrel playeth the old-time tune);
"A hundred thousand welcomings, Sweet,
Thy dear dark eyes from my soul I greet,
Thy rose-red lips and each dusky curl"—
The lights grow dim in a wildering whirl,
And I look on your face from my canopied place,
Caroll, my lover!

" Eibhlín, Eibhlín, Eibhlín a rúin,"
Caroll O'Daly ! Caroll O'Daly !
(The clear notes die in a plaintive croon) ;
" Wilt thou be mine, who hath loved thee long,
Crossed the broad seas lest thou do this wrong,
Dared thy stern sire and his clan for thee—
Pulse of my heart, wilt thou fly with me ? "
Through the echoing hall rings your passionate call,
Caroll, my lover !

. . . . . .

Over the border and far away,
Caroll O'Daly ! Caroll O'Daly !
Your voice as a spell, could I answer ' Nay ' ?
Let the grim chief seek him another bride,
But into the starlight we ride, we ride,
Your sheltering arm close round me pressed,
And my happy head on your faithful breast,
And before us dew-pearled, the awakening world,
Caroll, my lover !

BEREFT.

I roved last night from dusk to dawn lamenting all forlorn,
And stept upon a ring of green beneath a twisted thorn,
The cruel Red Wind o' the Hills came blowing round about—
I heard the clash of fairy swords and the fairies' battle shout.

My eyes were open to the dark, I stood in silent fear,
And saw one move among them was gone from me a year,
Her nut-brown curls so fine and free, her slender shape I knew—
Christ keep us from such sorrow as filled her eyes of blue.

The Gentle Folk were warring for sake of my fair girl—
Their strokes had set the wind to blow and dead brown leaves to whirl.
She saw me, and her little hands were lifted in despair,
Mo bhrón! mo bhrón! when next I looked nor *Sidhe* nor ghost was there.

Had I but called on Christ's dear Name and made the holy Sign,
Sweet Una would have safely lain within these arms of mine—
But frozen was my voice with awe that proved my courage vain,
Else I had dared the fairy foe and won my dear again.

Oh, I will wander to the east, and I will wander west,
And dree my penance in the ways that Patrick's feet have blessed,
And maybe where she bides unseen in fairy field or hall,
The blessing of my whispered prayer upon her head may fall.

If in that hour the bonds should break and her sad soul
go free
To take the lonely road of death and come no more to me,
I only ask one gift from God—one joy for joys denied—
When Una walks the road of death that I may walk beside.

MO BHUACHAILL CAEL-DUBH.

(My Black Slender Boy.)

My Black Slender Boy, as you step on your way
To the dewy-wet fields at the dawning of day;
My heart in my dreams hears the ring of your shoe,
And roams in the dawn through the clover with you.

My Black Slender Boy!—on my father's grass browse
Of sheep a full hundred, and twenty fine cows,
And my mother has webs of blue woollen *go leôr*,
And linen and gold for my fortune, *a stôr*.

My Black Slender Boy, you have nothing but health—
Yet your diamonds of eyes are far rarer than wealth;
Your mouth of white pearls, and your locks of the jet
Would buy all my fortune and leave me in debt.

My Black Slender Boy, though my father may frown,
And my proud mother pass you with scorn in the town,
While they bargain at making a match for me there,
With Red Ulic Keown in the heat of the fair—

I love you the more, Love, because of their hate,
If you whispered me "Come," I would fly to you straight,
Ay, over the bog to you, jewel of mine—
And leave them their pride, and their gold, and their kine.

But what can a poor colleen do till you speak?
With your hand in my hand, and your kiss on my cheek,
I would wander the world with you, singing for joy,
My store-house of treasure, my Black Slender Boy.

NIAL O'CAHAN.

Oh, when my Knight rode forth at morn,
The blue hills shone, sun-kissed, afar;
Oh, when my Knight was homeward borne,
Over him glittered the first pale star.

Raise the dirge for the bravest chief!
Foremost in danger on battle plain:
Deaf, oh deaf, is he to my grief—
Raise the dirge for Nial O'Cahan.

Little he dreamt of a death-blow then,
With his hounds high-leaping around his knee;
Bound for the shady green woods of Prehen,
The hunting-band was a sight to see.

I waved my scarf from Dungiven's tower,
He turned in his stirrup to doff again
The white-plumed cap—in his manhood's flower,
Raise the dirge for Nial O'Cahan.

Could my curses wither your base, black brood,
I would curse you, Donal, from dawn till dark,
For you sought him by stealth in the ferny wood,
And he lay on the blue-bells still and stark.

He who had stood through your childhood lone,
Your strong, bright shield against woe and pain,
The viper he cherished and loved for his own
Bit to the heart's core of Nial O'Cahan.

Home by Glen Dermot his clansmen stepped,
With solemn pacing, beneath the pall.
What was the quarry so wildly bewept
And laid at my feet in the castle hall?

Hark! they are digging his narrow grave,
And your red hand, Donal, shall keep its stain,
Though all the waters of Foyle should lave,
For the doom you dealt to Nial O'Cahan.

Pray, O Priest, by your altar stone,
That his soul may look on God's Face to-night,
Raise, oh Keeners, the shrill *Ochón*,
For my lord, who fell in no hard-fought fight.

Raise the dirge for the generous chief
Whose dead hand dropped from the slackening rein
Deaf forever is he to my grief—
Raise the dirge for Nial O'Cahan.

ALL SOULS' NIGHT.

Mhuire a's truagh! Mhuire a's truagh!
A foot went by in the night,
A swift foot that I knew,
And I saw in the chill moonlight
A golden ghostly head—
O my Love long dead!

Mhuire a's truagh! Mhuire a's truagh!
Is it colder yet in the clay,
Since the wandering's come on you
'Twixt the dark and the day;
Now the frost's on the window-pane
And you come to my door again?

Mhuire a's truagh! Mhuire a's truagh!
Do you bring me the word at last
That the waiting hours are through
And my loneliness is past?
That after the joy denied
I may rest satisfied.

Mhuire a's truagh! Mhuire a's truagh!
'Twill be sweet to sleep in the sod,
With the singing lark in the blue,
Under the smile of God;
So that a grave we share
Together, Heart's Dearest, there.

OUR ROAD.

Here is the road that you must climb with me,
This road that winds between the hill and sea,
And leads to where our quiet home shall be.

Love waits us there—not proud, nor kingly clad,
Oh! just a little joyous country lad,
With tender wiles to make our tired hearts glad.

No barbèd arrow doth he hold for us—
But outstretched hands, divine and generous.
Would all sad wayfarers were welcomed thus!

The world hath tortured—yet immense our gain
To find enduring peace around us twain,
I, weary of my wanderings, you of your disdain.

BRIAN BOY MAGEE.

(A.D. 1641.)

I am Brian Boy Magee—
My father was Eoghain Bán—
I was wakened from happy dreams
By the shouts of my startled clan;
And I saw through the leaping glare
That marked where our homestead stood,
My mother swing by her hair—
And my brothers lie in their blood.

In the creepy cold of the night
The pitiless wolves came down—
Scotch troops from that Castle grim
Guarding Knockfergus Town;
And they hacked and lashed and hewed
With musket and rope and sword,
Till my murdered kin lay thick
In pools by the Slaughter Ford.

I fought by my father's side,
And when we were fighting sore
We saw a line of their steel
With our shrieking women before:
The red-coats drove them on
To the verge of the Gobbins gray,
Hurried them—God! the sight!
As the sea foamed up for its prey.

Oh, tall were the Gobbins cliffs,
And sharp were the rocks, my woe!
And tender the limbs that met
Such terrible death below;
Mother and babe and maid
They clutched at the empty air,
With eyeballs widened in fright,
That hour of despair.

(Sleep soft in your heaving bed,
O little fair love of my heart!
The bitter oath I have sworn
Shall be of my life a part;
And for every piteous prayer
You prayed on your way to die,
May I hear an enemy plead
While I laugh and deny.)

In the dawn that was gold and red,
Ay, red as the blood-choked stream,
I crept to the perilous brink—
Great Christ! was the night a dream?
In all the Island of Gloom
I only had life that day—
Death covered the green hill-sides,
And tossed in the Bay.

I have vowed by the pride of my sires—
By my mother's wandering ghost—
By my kinsfolk's shattered bones
Hurled on the cruel coast—
By the sweet dead face of my love,
And the wound in her gentle breast—
To follow that murderous band,
A sleuth-hound who knows no rest.

I shall go to Phelim O'Neill
With my sorrowful tale, and crave
A blue-bright blade of Spain,
In the ranks of his soldiers brave.
And God grant me the strength to wield
That shining avenger well—
When the Gael shall sweep his foe
Through the yawning gates of Hell.

I am Brian Boy Magee!
And my creed is a creed of hate;
Love, Peace, I have cast aside—
But Vengeance, *Vengeance* I wait!
Till I pay back the four-fold debt
For the horrors I witnessed there,
When my brothers moaned in their blood,
And my mother swung by her hair.

THE PRINCES OF THE NORTH.

Summer and winter the long years have flown
Since you looked your last for ever on the hills of Tyrone;
On the vales of Tyrconnell, on the faces strained that night
To watch you, Hugh and Rory, over waves in your flight.

Not in Uladh of your kindred your bed hath been made,
Where the holy earth laps them and the quicken-tree gives shade;
But your dust lies afar, where Rome hath given space
To the tanist of O'Donnell, and the Prince of Nial's race.

O, sad in green Tyrone when you left us, Hugh O'Neill,
In our grief and bitter need, to the spoiler's cruel steel?
And sad in Donegal when you went, O'Rory *Bán*,
From your father's rugged towers and the wailing of your clan.

Our hearts had bled to hear of that dastard deed in Spain;
We wept our Eaglet, in his pride, by Saxon vileness slain;
And, girded for revenge, we waited but the call of war
To bring us like a headlong wave from heathery height and scaur.

Ochón and *ochón!* when the tidings travelled forth
That our chiefs had sailed in sorrow from the glens of the North;
Ochón and *ochón!* how our souls grew sore afraid,
And our love followed after in the track your keel had made!

And yet in green Tyrone they keep your memory still,
And tell you never fled afar, but sleep in Aileach Hill—
In stony sleep, with sword in hand and stony steed beside,
Until the horn shall waken you—the rock gate open wide.

Will you come again, O Hugh, in all your olden power,
In all the strength and skill we knew, with Rory, in that hour
When the Sword leaps from its scabbard, and the Night hath passed away,
And Banba's battle-cry rings loud at Dawning of the Day.

LET THE FROST GLISTEN.

Let the frost glisten,
Let the winds blow,
Dearest, together we sit by our fire—
Lean closer and listen,
My words tremble slow,
Let them mount from my spirit like flame from a pyre.

Eyes brave and brown,
Shine through the gloom,
Tell me, fond lips, how this rapture befell—
Did winter frown
Or the rose bloom,
When we first met and our hearts sang, 'Tis well?

Nay, tell me not Love—
Enough to be glad,
Enough to sit here with your head on my breast
Like a home-drafted dove
That forgets to be sad
In the warmth and the peace of its newly-found nest.

There, close to my heart,
Smile, Sweet—be content!
Nor shall I remember old sorrows, old fears,
Joy wakes with a start—
Hope comes as she went—
I triumph, I live, and have done with my tears.

DONAL MAC SEAGHAIN NA MALLACHT.

(Donal Mac Shan of the Curses took the garrison of Liscallaghan, October 23rd, 1641.)

"Donal Mac Seaghain Na Mallacht
Sign the cross on your lips and breast
Before you go into the battle
Where, maybe, you'll find your rest.

"And sign it on brow of blackness:
Loved vein of my heart, my son,
That the bitter hate may leave you,
And the bitter words be done.

"For a grief is ever with me—
Dark sorrow without shine—
That Donal Mac Seaghain of the Curses
Should be name on son of mine."

He took the hands of his mother
And answered in gentle wise,
Though his face was a cloud of anger,
And a quenchless flame his eyes.

"For you I have only loving
Who nursed me upon your knee:
Yet, O Mother, you cannot sweeten
The sights that to-day I see.

"I look on our smoking valleys,
I gaze on our wasted lands,
I stand by our grass-grown thresholds
And curse their ruffian hands.

" I curse them in dark and daylight—
I curse them the hours between
The grey dawn and shadowy night time,
For the sights my eyes have seen.

" I curse them awake or sleeping,
I curse them alive or dead,
And, O Christ ! that my words were embers
To fall on each Saxon head.

" They have swept my land with their fury,
It is burnt where their feet have passed :
It is blighted, dishonoured, lowly
In the track of the poisonous blast.

" But Eoghan, God shield him, gathers
The tall spears of the Gael—
And Donal Mac Seaghain Na Mallacht
Goes foremost to win or fail.

" Then stay me not of my curses—
When mountain and fair green glen
Are free as the Lord God meant them,
I shall pray at your bidding then."

HILLS O' MY HEART.

Hills o' my heart!
I have come to you at calling of my one love and only,
I have left behind the cruel scarlet wind of the east,
The hearth of my fathers wanting me is lonely,
And empty is the place I filled at gathering of the feast.

Hills o' my heart!
You have cradled him I love in your green quiet hollows,
Your wavering winds have hushed him to soft forgetful sleep,
Below dusk boughs where bird-voice after bird-voice follows
In shafts of silver melody that split the hearkening deep.

Hills o' my heart!
Let the Herdsman who walks in your high haunted places
Give him strength and courage, and weave his dreams alway:
Let your cairn-heaped hero-dead reveal their grand exultant faces,
And the Gentle Folk be good to him betwixt the dark and day.

Hills o' my heart!
And I would the Green Harper might wake his soul to singing,
With music of the golden wires heard when the world was new,
That from his lips an echo of its sweetness may come ringing,
A song of pure and noble hopes—a song of all things true.

Hills o' my heart!
For sake of the yellow head that drew me wandering over,
Your misty crests from my own home where sorrow bided then,
I set my seven blessings on your kindly heather cover,
On every starry moorland loch, and every shadowy glen
Hills o' my heart!

AT THE WELL OF THE BRANCHY TREES.

At the Well of the Branchy Trees, I lay awhile to rest,
Then God's hand shook the trouble down upon my breast,
For the girl I had never seen except in dreams came by,
And now my nights are sleepless grief, my days a sigh.

She is Mary of the Curls—the swan-white modest maid,
Grey pools of quiet are her eyes, like waters in the shade,
She moves as softly through the world as any whispered prayer,
And where she steps, the blossoms rise, and song haunts the air.

O Heartbreaker, will you come where my hut stands lone?
I will build you of my true love a jewelled throne,
I will rear for you a palace of fancies fine,
And my dreams shall weave a crown for you, when you are mine.

O Heartbreaker, I have neither red gold nor lands!
My only wealth is youth and strength, and willing hands.
But you would find a shelter from every hurting ill,
Beneath the roof I call my own in Lissadill.

It is there the curlew cries on a circling wing,
The heather-bleat croons wistfully, the brown larks sing,
The mournful restless peewit has a constant fear,
And the lake-water laps at the sedge's spear.

The honeysuckle twists with the tangle briar,
The gorse sweeps across the moor in floods of fire,
And the little snowy blossoms of the ceanabhan a-blow
Wave welcome from the bog-land along the ways I go.

I am as a shivering rush in the wind of your scorn
You shed sweet pity on the sad, yet leave me forlorn,
My woe! for the peace I knew, the careless ease,
Ere God gave me sorrow under the Branchy Trees.

INVOCATION.

The steeds of the Black Wind race
  Frost-shod and fleet,
Where you hide from my love your face,
  And stay your feet:
In this rose-rimmed quiet glen
  I bide, and pray
  Through the star-filled gloom, and the day,
For your voice again.

The flames on my hearth leap red,
  Each a slender spear,
My bosom awaits your head,
  And to charm your ear
I have wonder-tales without end,
  Fond words untold,
  Or the spell of a harp of gold,
As your wild moods tend.

Oh strong man! man of my love!
  With eyes of dreams,
Pools of the dusk where move
  No starry gleams:
Come from your storm-girt tower,
  Come to my side,
  And sweetly your sheath of pride
Shall break into flower.

When the arrow ends its flight
  You will lonely grow
For a woman's kiss in the night,
  And her breast of snow:
You will reach your arms to the Dark,
  And call and cry,
  As the wingèd winds sweep by—
But no ear shall hark.

I-BREASIL.

There is a way I am fain to go—
To the mystical land where all are young,
Where the silver branches have buds of snow,
And every leaf is a singing tongue.

It lies beyond the night and day,
Over shadowy hill, and moorland wide,
And whoso enters casts care away,
And wistful longings unsatisfied.

There are sweet white women, a radiant throng,
Swaying like flowers in a scented wind:
But between us the veil of earth is strong,
And my eyes to their luring eyes are blind.

A blossom of fire is each beauteous bird,
Scarlet and gold on melodious wings,
And never so haunting a strain was heard
From royal harp in the Hall of Kings.

The sacred trees stand in rainbow dew,
Apple and ash and the twisted thorn,
Quicken and holly and dusky yew,
Ancient ere ever gray Time was born.

The oak spreads mighty beneath the sun
In a wonderful dazzle of moonlight green—
O would I might hasten from tasks undone,
And journey whither no grief hath been!

Were I past the mountains of opal flame,
I would seek a couch of the king-fern brown,
And when from its seed glad slumber came,
A flock of rare dreams would flutter down.

But I move without in an endless fret,
  While somewhere beyond earth's brink, afar,
Forgotten of men, in a rose-rim set,
  I-Breasil shines like a beckoning star.

CONAL'S BRIDE.

Yestreen he took me to his heart,
The first day we were wed—
When lo! between his kiss and mine,
Came pale lips of the dead.

I looked on Conal's yellow hair,
Like ripe corn in the sun—
Mo bhrón! I saw a darker head
The bitter waves had won.

Then, while I trembled, Conal's voice
Spake tenderly my name—
And far off—in a drowning sigh—
Methought I heard the same.

I turn, I turn from Conal's eyes,
Deep-filled with love for me,
Because of those brave dusky eyes
Beneath the cruel sea.

Oh, do you come for hate, pale ghost?
Or do you love me yet?
Or dream you that a wedded wife
Old sorrows can forget?

Sure I have prayed the Stations round
For you on bended knees;
And I have lit a candle tall
For your sad soul's release.

And where your corrach met the storm
I set the holy Sign—
God rest your wandering feet, my dear,
And leave the flints to mine.

. . . . . .

For sake of him whose hopeless love
Makes half my misery—
Conor, *a chuisle*, in your grave
Sleep soft and let me be.

THE CURSE OF MORA.

The fretted fires of Mora
  Blew o'er him in the night,
He thrills no more at loving,
  Nor weeps for lost delight,
For when those flames have bitten
  Both joy and grief take flight.

Around his path the shadows
  Stalk ever grim and high:
Spears flash in hands long withered,
  And dented shields give cry;
Or misty woman-faces
  Laugh out, and pass him by.

He hath the curse of Mora—
  Yet blessed of all is he
Whose dew-wet eyes uplifted
  See what we fain would see—
One crowned with scarlet berries
  Of the sacred quicken tree.

He hears the wild Green Harper
  Chant sweet a fairy rune,
And through the sleeping-silence
  His feet must track the tune
When the world is barred and speckled
  With silver of the moon.

Thus is he doomed till Judgment—
  Although the cairn should hold
His fevered heart in quiet,
  And hide his hair of gold,
His soul shall wander seeking,
  And its quest be never told.

THINKIN' LONG.

Oh thinkin' long 's the weary work!
It breaks my heart from dawn
Till all the wee, wee, friendly stars
Come out at dayli' gone.
An' thinkin' long 's the weary work,
Where I must spin and spin,
To drive the fearsome fancies out,
An' hold the hopeful in!

Ah, sure my lad is far away!
My lad who left our glen
When from the soul of Ireland came
A call for fightin' men;
I miss his gray eyes glancin' bright,
I miss his liltin' song,
And that is why, the lee-lone day,
I'm always thinkin' long.

May God's kind angels guard him
When the fray is fierce and grim,
And blunt the point of every sword
That turns its hate on him.
Where round the tattered dear green flag
The brave and lovin' throng—
But the lasses of Glenwherry smile
At me for thinkin' long.

THE CONQUEROR.

She lingered in the greening way—
The kine she tended by her side—
Her hair the swift brown hands untied,
And o'er her gown of humble gray
Fell waves of gold, so exquisite,
So bright, the darksome day was lit.

He had no heart for woman's wiles,
Strong was he, grave, and full of dreams
He came; her hair the sunshine seems,
Her shy, alluring, pleading smiles
Draw the world's beauty from all space,
Into one rose-red wistful face.

Then lo! a shaft of fire sprang high,
A royal, eloquent, white flame
In his calm heart that knew no name
To call the radiant vision by—
His soul stood trembling ere it flew
To greet her soul, awakened too.

He took her slender hand in his,
Yet laid no generous gifts therein,
Her lips she lifted for his kiss—
He dreamt no more of fights to win,
But captive, in Love's power, was raised,
To her height—whom his world dispraised.

MOORLOCH MARY.

Like swords of battle the scythes were plying,
The corn lay low in a yellow rout,
When down the stubble, dew-wet and glinting,
A golden shaft of the sun came out:
It was Moorloch Mary, the slender blossom,
Who smiled on me in the misty morn,
And since that hour I am lost with grieving,
Through sleepless nights, and through days forlorn.

Oh Moorloch lies in a world of heather
Where Mary's little brown feet go bare,
And many a shadowy peak divides us,
Yet I will journey to find her there;
I will climb the mountains and swim the rivers,
I will travel the crests of the heath, wind-blown,
Her face in my heart like a star I carry,
And it shall guide me unto my own.

When I come at last to my Moorloch Mary,
I will take her little brown hands in mine,
And kiss her lips where the rowans tarry,
And kiss her hair where the sun-rays shine,
And whisper—"*A stoirín*, my heart was haunted
By wistful eyes of the sweetest gray,
That drew it over the hills of Derry—
O Moorloch Mary, bid the wanderer stay."

FEITHFAILGE.

The blue lake of Devenish!
I put my thousand blessings there;
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
On shadow waters all a-stir,
And on the wind-blown honeysuckle
Beauty of Feithfailge's hair.

The blue lake of Devenish!
I pray, if God but grant the grace,
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
To win that dear enchanted place,
Where Spring bides in the apple-blossom,
Beauty of Feithfailge's face.

The blue lake of Devenish!
I vex the purple dark with sighs—
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
Across the world my sorrow flies,
A-hunger for the gray and wistful
Beauty of Feithfailge's eyes.

The blue lake of Devenish!
I wander far, yet find no rest—
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
Sore-haunted ever, and oppressed
By dreams that pillow on the snow-white
Beauty of Feithfailge's breast.

The blue lake of Devenish,
She walks there in the quiet, meet
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
For prayerful thoughts, and visions sweet,
And cool green grasses kiss the lightsome
Beauty of Feithfailge's feet.

The blue lake of Devenish,
I would the red gold were my part,
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
Ripe fields, and herds upon Drimart,
That by my fire might shine the lovelit
Beauty of Feithfailge's heart.

THE WAYFARER.

He had no crown upon his head
When first he met me by the way,
His feet upon the thorns had bled,
His gown was hodden gray:
But in his eyes, stars, moon, and sun
Were one.

He came, his empty hands outheld,
I gave to him with glad good-will:
And since my pitying heart rebelled
That he should fare so ill,
I took his gold head to my breast
For rest.

Then lo! his empty hands were piled
With all gifts craved in dreams of mine,
And over me the pilgrim-child
Spilled benefits divine:
Joy, Heart's Desire, and Peace most fair,
Fell there.

For my great pity in his stress
Because that sad and bare he went,
I now am clad with happiness,
And rich in sweet content:
'Twas Love, the King, who crossed my way
To-day.

THE OTHER.

I am the Other—I who come
To heal the wound she gave,
The wound that struck your fond words dumb,
And left your world a grave.

What though you loved her—I love you,
And so the most is said,
Here is my yearning heart, still true
To yours her frailty bled.

(But oh! the bitter grief that I
Kept hushed, the wild despair,
When your dear eyes had passed me by
To find her face so fair.)

Now she hath gone her cruel way,
And I am come again,
To seek among the husks to-day
For one sweet golden grain.

Because in me Love's strength is great,
Too great for pride, or sin,
I knock upon your heart's barred gate,
And pray you let me in.

THE QUEST.

I bared my heart to the winds and my cry went after you—
A brown west wind blew past and the east my secret knew,
A red east wind blew far to the lonesome bogland's edge,
And the little pools stirred sighing within their girdling sedge.

The north wind hurled it south—the black north wind of grief—
And the white south wind came crooning through every frozen leaf;
Yet never a woe of mine, blown wide down starlit space,
Hath quickened the pulse of your heart, or shadowed your rose-red face.

I reach my arms to the Dawn and call your name—your name,
O Sweet, whom I seek untiring, are you core of the gold-green flame?
Are you the gate of the sun? Are you life in the opening flower?
Since the garnered beauty of earth God lavished on you for dower.

The moon-gold web of your hair is a mesh that I cannot break,
In the shadowy wells of your eyes I stoop Love's thirst to slake,
And find the water as bitter as Death's unwelcome cup—
Still, slave to your wordless bidding, I quaff the bitter up.

I see you in foam of the waves, and clasp it with passionate hands—
Yet ever it vanishes, soundless, and vague as a dream, in the sands,
Are you, too, a dream, O Heartbreaker?—shall I greet you some day or some night
To know you for Sorrow eternal, or the star of unending Delight?

THE EYES OF FIONUALA.

Dawn Eyes!
Sending swift silver spears of beauty through
The gray mists of my life—a world of sighs
Until, that hour of hours, I met with you.

Sun Eyes!
Glowing and glad, a flame of pure delight,
Fanning the spirals of Love's fire to rise
Within me, and attain your holy height.

Moon Eyes!
Shadow and shine fall from you sweet and cool,
A shimmer of rainbow peace that softly lies
In blessing on my heart's unquiet pool.

Star Eyes!
Steady and golden, smile on me, nor will
Thy tender light to leave my storm-blown skies,
But be my sentinel of Heaven still.

MY YELLOW YORLIN.

I would build myself a nest, a little downy nest,
And a warbler of the woodland I would wed—
Oh, not the blackbird bold, nor the thrush with voice so cold,
But the Yorlin with the yellow on his head.

I would keep him safe and warm, I would screen him from the storm;
Together we would greet the golden sun—
We would mount the greening stair of the slender larch and fir,
And sing our love until the day be done.

Should he journey far away I would watch both night and day,
I would call upon the seas to go asleep,
And to be a floor of glass, that my wandering love might pass,
Nor fear the curly snares of the deep.

Oh, my Yellow-Yorlin dear, I should ever go in fear
Of the Little Folk who dance beneath the moon:
They would steal you from my side to mate a fairy bride,
And cage my darling Yorlin in the *dún*.

But I know a way to take to a secret lonely lake
Where scented groves above the waters sway;
And I know a secret tree for my Heart's Desire and me,
Where we'll live and love, for ever and a day.

AFTER.

Now that the gates are shut on all I cherished,
O wistful Love, I pray,
Blow no more haunting scents of roses perished,
About my lonely way.

Take from me memory of happy laughter,
Of kisses more than kind:
And that I may not meet his eyes hereafter,
I pray thee strike me blind.

Lest I should knock against the bars, and, bleeding,
Cry to him, faithless—"Come!"
The while he passes by, my grief unheeding,
I pray thee strike me dumb.

So it were best. And dumb and blind, forgetting,
White peace may wrap my soul;
Till, lorn of love and hate, and unregretting,
It passes to its goal.

THE VOICE OF ERIN.

(*Air—Irish Maiden's Lament.*)

My hour hath come!
And o'er the foam,
I call my wild geese back to me;
My exiled sons,
My fervent ones,
With hope and health and loyalty.
From Connaught hills,
And Munster rills,
And Leinster plains, they're trooping forth;
And, dusky-browed,
Erect, uncowed,
Sweep down the Warders of the North!

Around my bed
The martyred dead
Lie peaceful under shamrocks deep;
And hushed to rest
Upon this breast,
My lullaby hath soothed their sleep.
Oh Heart's Desire,
The golden wire,
Of my sad harp is tuned to song
The night hath passed,
And God at last
Hath crowned with Hope my vigil long!

. . . . . .

Awake, arise!
'Neath dawning skies
The Sunburst waves its folds again,
And through the land
On every hand
Is heard the tramp of marching men.
O brothers wake!
Your fetters break!
Too long you've bent the servile knee.
From coast to coast,
The gathering host
Swells Ireland's call to liberty!

MY PRAYER.

Set your love before me as a shield!
That, whistling by, the shadowy, wounding spear
Of the world's hate may seek my heart in vain,
Where on your breast it nestles—half in fear
Of the divine sweet silence round us twain—
Set your love before me as a shield!

Set your love before me as a light!
A candle tall; so shall I, weak, prevail
O'er Darkness; pass beyond all venomed things
Into the endless Dawn, gold-starred, rose-pale,
And murmurous with whirring silver wings—
Set your love before me as a light!

Set your love before me as a cloud!
A cloud of rainbow mist, where Grief discerns
The radiant face of Joy, and groweth glad:
And Joy, remembering how God's Angel turns
The Wheel of Life, hath pity for the sad—
Set your love before me as a cloud!

Set your love about me as a sea!
Encompassing—whose white and cooling wave
Brings peace—or should at times your soul desire
To prove my spirit's fervour, then I crave
Love's baptism in deeps of strengthening fire—
Set your love about me as a sea!

Set your love upon me as a prayer!
A benison so softly breathed that none
But God and you and I the words may guess—
Whisper it down the quiet, Dearest One,
The while I reach my lips for your caress—
Set your love upon me as a prayer!

TO THE COMELY FOUR OF ARAN.

I send my prayer upon
The winds that chase the sun,
O Four who are most comely and renowned!
Conal the Wanderer,
And Brendan grave, of Birr,
Fursey, and Berchain of this holy ground.

Keep you my treasure safe
From sorrow and from chafe;
From the strange deadly things that haunt the world
When dark lies, dewy-cool;
From rush-fringed bogland pool;
And from the storm-whipped sea's green snare upcurled

O when his weary feet
Journeyed through snow and sleet
On high bald mountains where the way was lone,
My prayers went as a light
Before him in the night,
And Christ, the Kind, was kindly to my own.

He is my secret love,
O Four who sit above!
To you I whisper all my hungering heart;
He is my dear desire,
My soul's red altar-fire,
And, bitter woe! too long are we apart.

By Oghil Well in gray
Mist ere the dawn of day,
I knelt for sake of him and cried to you,
And made my hands a cup,
And drank the white wave up,
The three keen draughts that chilled me through and through.

His bright head be your care,
O tender Saints and fair!
Be you his mantle in the dew and rain,
His shelter from the cold,
The staff within his hold,
And mine the grieving be, the cold, the pain.

RODY M'CORLEY.

Ho ! see the fleet-foot hosts of men
Who speed with faces wan,
From farmstead and from fisher's cot
Upon the banks of Bann !
They come with vengeance in their eyes—
Too late, too late are they—
For Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Oh Ireland, Mother Ireland,
You love them still the best,
The fearless brave who fighting fall
Upon your hapless breast ;
But never a one of all your dead
More bravely fell in fray,
Than he who marches to his fate
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Up the narrow street he stepped,
Smiling and proud and young ;
About the hemp-rope on his neck
The golden ringlets clung.
There's never a tear in the blue, blue eyes,
Both glad and bright are they—
As Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Ah ! when he last stepped up that street,
His shining pike in hand,
Behind him marched in grim array
A stalwart earnest band !
For Antrim town ! for Antrim town !
He led them to the fray—
And Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

The gray coat and its sash of green
Were brave and stainless then ;
A banner flashed beneath the sun
Over the marching men—
The coat hath many a rent this noon,
The sash is torn away,
And Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Oh, how his pike flashed to the sun !
Then found a foeman's heart !
Through furious fight, and heavy odds,
He bore a true man's part ;
And many a red-coat bit the dust
Before his keen pike-play—
But Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

Because he loved the Motherland,
Because he loved the Green,
He goes to meet the martyr's fate
With proud and joyous mien,
True to the last, true to the last,
He treads the upward way—
Young Rody M'Corley goes to die
On the Bridge of Toome to-day.

THE WONDER-MUSIC.

I would play you the music of mourning!
And put you to grieving, oh dear love and fair,
Till you droop your young head of the shadowy hair,
And the round rainbow tears come a-trembling and fall,
For a sorrow of sorrows that broods over all—
For a cruel pain burning.

I would play you the music of laughter!
And set the smiles lighting your apple-bloom face,
In little glad ripples, that gather apace
As if the lone hush of lake-waters were stirred
In a wind from the swift-sweeping wing of a bird,
Which trails the breeze after.

I would play you the music of sleeping!
And close the white lids over gray wistful eyes,
And bring the rare dreams in a troop from the skies,
And the dreams I should choose for you, pulse of my heart,
Are the sweet and the secret for love kept apart—
My love in your keeping.

A GLEN SONG.

There's a green glen in Eirinn,
A green glen in Eirinn!
Do you remember yet, *a gradh*, the sunshine of that day,
How the river ran before us, and the fleckless blue hung o'er us,
And against the purple heather gleamed the yellow of the hay?

There's a green glen in Eirinn,
A green glen in Eirinn!
Where on a dew-wet swinging spray brown throstles trilled above,
And the blackbird carolled after in a silver rain of laughter,
And the little linnet piped its song that has no theme but Love.

There's a green glen in Eirinn,
A green glen in Eirinn!
'Twas sweet with you beside me in a world of harvest gold;
The sallaghs made a shadow in a corner of the meadow,
And your eyes were wells of kindness, and my hand lay in your hold.

There's a green glen in Eirinn,
A green glen in Eirinn!
The voice of Spring comes on the winds like cuckoo calling clear,
She bids us fare together, nor heed the fitful weather—
And seek in yon green glen the joy that waits our hearts, my Dear.

THE KISSES OF ANGUS.

The kisses of Angus came to me—
And three bright birds on my apple-tree
Pipe their magical haunting song
That shall fill with dreaming my whole life long.

The first bird sings of my love's shut eyes,
The second her lips where silence lies,
The third her blushes for ever fled,
And the plenteous curls of her radiant head.

Night and day, asleep or awake,
I carry a heart nigh fit to break,
I carry a pain I shall not forget
Until above me the cairn is set.

For Angus the Druid sent them forth—
These birds that fly to the South and North ;
Three kisses he blew on a fateful wind—
These three bright birds for our grief designed.

He bade them circle green Eri round,
Wherever a love-lorn youth be found,
From the High-King's son in his torque of gold,
To the shepherd guarding his master's fold.

He bade them sting like the honey-bee,
In the bitter-sweet of their minstrelsy ;
Or soothe as soft as a mother's croon
When her tired babe droops to the drowsy tune.

He bade them foster the wild unrest
That burns like a flame in a lover's breast,
Or haunt the sad from a burial-place
With the pale content of a ghostly face.

Mo bhrón! mo bhrón! my lady's sleep
Under the bracken is cold and deep;
At head and at foot stands an ogham-stone,
Where my carved lament on each slab is shown.

Why doth the young god hurl his ire
At a lover bereft of his soul's Desire?
My heart goes withering in the sun—
And mirth hath forsaken my father's *dún*.

It is Sorrow's raven I fain would see!
O Angus, call the bright birds from me!
To happier lovers who love may win—
For the hill-fern foldeth my dear one in.

WILLIE NELSON.

He wakened at the blackbird's song and flung his casement wide—
The drowsy East shot shafts of gold across the countryside ;
His young keen eye swept up the heights and down the quiet glen—
'Twas time to warn from wood and brae the stern United Men.

And who will be the messenger to tell the fight 's at hand?
And who will bear the signal word to rouse the sleeping land ?
And who shall win a glorious name that time cannot destroy ?
Oh ! who but Willie Nelson—the widow's blue-eyed boy.

He has many a lonely mile to wend before his goal be won,
And many a danger to withstand ere yet his task be done,
But there is never a fear in the boyish heart as out from his mother's door
He speeds with the tidings that call the brave to the trysting at Donegore.

There are gallant steeds to pick and choose in the stable at Redhall,
And lightly does he tread his way—alert—from stall to stall.
" Ho! bonny mare, our course lies far through vale and over hill,
To tell the faithful waiting ones there's life in Ireland still.

" M'Cracken has given the word at last, and there will be joy this day,
When pikes are drawn from the smoke-browned thatch, where bright and secure they lay."
Then all alone, in the dewy dawn, the dauntless lad rides forth
With a message of hope and a rallying call to the sentinels of the North !

They will muster strong from Magheramorne, Mallusk, and
Ballyclare ;
And Island Magee has stalwart sons eager to do their share ;
And from the Bann's broad sedgy banks will troop the
fishers brown
To strike a blow for Ireland to-day in Antrim town.

Hurrah for Willie Nelson ! as around the good news flies,
The news so dear to rebel hearts and rebel memories.
Hurrah ! and hurrah ! that the waiting's past—and long
has the waiting been
To the marching men with their shining pikes and their
floating flag of green !

. . . . . .

Well, God be praised ! the pikes were red before the sun
went down—
And God be good to those who fell that day in Antrim town,
Let no one deem, though sad her fate, heart-wrung and
tempest-tost,
When such brave blood cries for revenge our country's
cause is lost !

There was wailing from Moylena's banks to Carrickfergus
Tower—
And by Carnmoney's desolate hearths the sad-eyed widows
cower—
And the few who came to tell the tale long shuddered o'er
that scene,
When Irish pikes crossed English steel on the Bridge of
Massareene.

But where is he who roused the land and bore the signal-
word
That nerved at length the patriot hand to wield the patriot
sword ?
The captain and his yeomanry have sought him far and
wide,
And they find the weary lad at last by his mother's ingle-
side.

They've taken Willie Nelson from his weeping mother's arms—
Alas! no kindly voice is nigh to soothe her wild alarms,
As, with his brothers twain, he turned in spite of oaths and jeers
For a last look at the loving face, half-blinded with her tears.

In Carrickfergus hard shall be his prison bed to-night,
And morning with its singing-birds shall yield him no delight,
It brings the stern commander's frown—the redcoats' grim array,
And the blue-eyed boy before them all—a traitor's part to play.

"Come, tell us, lad, the leader's plans, and tell the rebel lair,
And not a churlish hand shall touch one gold lock of your hair."
But firm he closed his childish lips, and never a word spake he,
Though threatened with the cruel lash, and then the gallows tree.

"Come, tell us where M'Cracken hides." He thought of Slemish then,
And the ruined hopes of as true a chief as ever led marshalled men
Or fired their souls to heroic deeds; and the pale boy calmly heard
His captor offer the traitor's gold, but never he spake a word.

They've tied a rope around his neck and brought him home to die,
To Ballycarry's strand, where oft he watched the gulls wheel by,
When, hark! a cry soul-wrung and wild, and sudden from the wood—
Anear, his frantic mother rushed, and in their pathway stood.

" Oh, spare him, spare my dearest son," she cried. Kerr's angry brow
Grows darker that the wild appeal disturbs his progress now.
" Just fifteen years "—Still on he rode. " Up, woman, or I spur
My horse upon you." Naught availed that piteous prayer of her.

They've screened his blue eyes from the sun ; he flings the bandage far—
" Why should I fear to meet my doom and go where heroes are ?
But grant my brother's liberty, and let my death suffice,
Since mine the will to break your laws, then mine to pay the price."

They've hanged him to the clefted tree against his mother's door ;
His swinging shadow comes and goes upon her cottage floor ;
They've gone their way with brutal jest, and left her with her dead,
Her thin hands lifted up to heaven, her vengeful curse half-said.

All through that dreary night she sat—her dead boy on her breast,
His golden curls across her arm, to her's his cold cheek pressed—
Without the tramp of the yeomen guard, who watched till the morn broke clear
O'er the widowed mother—the murdered son—fell on her tortured ear.

. . . . . .

Remember Willie Nelson at the Dawning of the Day,
When Freedom beckons from her height, and we have found the way
That brave men fought and died to find on many a battle field,
And taught us how to fight and die—but *never* how to yield.

Oh ! Irishmen, when the signal comes again be ye gathered there,
Be ye as ready to take your stand as ever your fathers were ;
Facing your foemen for Ireland's sake, sweep like a torrent down,
And strike them a stronger, *surer* blow than that day in Antrim town.

NEECE THE RAPPAREE.
(1720.)

Saw ye Neece O'Hagan,
By Moylena's Banks,
With his matchlock in his hand,
Foam on Rory's Banks?
Child dear! child dear!
'Twixt the night and day,
Neece will come with all his men
And carry you away.

If you do not shut your eyes
And sleep, *mo páistín fionn*,
If you do not keep the sighs
Locked your lips within,
When your cradle-song I sing,
Hushing to and fro—
Neece will knock at mother's door,
And off my Dear must go.

He will take you to his cave
Far down the Glen,
You will miss your mother's arms
Among the roving men.
Whisht, whisht, *a-stór mo chroidhe*,
Closer, closer creep—
O Neece, go by nor stop to-night,
For my Dear's asleep.

Did I catch a blink o' blue?
Did a whisper stir?
Nay, 'twas but a deeper note
In *pusheen's* gentle purr;
And a little sleeping boy
On his mother's knee,
Walks with angels in his dreams,
Nor fears the Rapparee.

VEIN O' MY HEART.

Vein o' my heart, can you hear me crying,
  Over the salt dividing sea ?
Maybe you'll think 'tis the wind that's sighing—
  But it comes from the heart o' me,
    The heart o' me !

Oh, that happy day, and your face before me !
  The blue loch lay like a silver sheet,
A blackbird swayed to its own sweet story,
  And a thrush sang in the wheat.

Around us both was the radiant weather,
  Over us both a blue, blue sky ;
And the singing stream and the purpling heather
  Gave no thought of a sad good-bye.

Your kind eyes smiled, and your hand was near me,
  Warm to hold, and strong and true,
And your words so sweet, yet so brave to cheer me,
  Swelled my heart with the love of you.

Vein o' my heart, can you hear me crying,
  Over the salt dividing sea ?
Maybe you'll think 'tis the wind that's sighing—
  But it comes from the heart o' me,
    The heart o' me !

ON INISHEER.

On Inisheer, on Inisheer,
In the Spring-tide of the year,
You sought me, in your eyes love's rapture burning;
And for the words you said,
Above my drooping head,
My heart flew to you on the wings of yearning.

On Inisheer, on Inisheer,
I had never known a fear,
Nor a sorrow, nor a sigh to mar my laughter;
Until that saddest day,
When my true love sailed away,
And the sun grew dim, and darkness followed after.

Why did you go, oh love,
Ere the primrose peeped above
The scanty grass bleached with the wind salt-bitter?
Here, by a cabin fire,
Each with our heart's desire,
Had not the peace of home for us been fitter?

Than you to pine afar
Under the Southern Star,
And I to pine by Keevin's ruined altar,
Watching the cliffs of Clare
Fade in the evening air,
Telling my beads for you in tones that falter;

Or by the holy well,
Where as the darkness fell,
And out of dark the tender dawn came flowing
In seas of silver light,
You prayed the livelong night
That Christ would bless and guard you in your going,

Some day He keeps in store
You will return, *a-stór*,
Your curragh down our foaming current speeding
From the welcome of your clan,
On the rocks of Inishmaan,
To heal my wound of longing, ever bleeding.

On Inisheer, on Inisheer,
Love, I shall wait you here,
My radiant web of dreams through gray hours weaving,
Until, the red gold won,
And all your wandering done,
You take me to your heart and end my grieving.

MÁIRÍN-NÍ-CULLINAN.

(IRELAND'S LAMENT FOR LORD EDWARD.)

Underneath the shrouding stone,
Where you lie in Death alone,
Can you hear me calling, calling,
In a wild hot gush of woe ?
'Tis for you my tears are falling—
For you, *mo Chraoibhín Cno!*

When you stood up in the Green
As beseemed the Geraldine,
Slender sword a-glancing, glancing,
Over you the tender skies,
How the warrior-joy kept dancing
In your brave bright eyes.

"*'Stór,*" I said, "*A stór mo chroidhe,*
Hope of Mine and Hope of Me,
Take our honour to your keeping,
Bare your swift blade to the Dawn.
Freedom's voice hath roused from sleeping
Máirín-ní-Cullinán."

So I dreamt the Day had come,
Now your ardent lips are dumb,
And the sword is rusty, rusty,
Through a hundred weary years ;
All the winds are blowing gusty
With a storm of tears.

"*'Stór,*" I cry, above your bed,
Where I kneel uncomforted—
"Feel you not the battle-anger
Shake the Nations of the World?
While amid the stress and clangour,
Still my Flag is furled."

"Were you here, O Geraldine,
This oblivion had not been."
Thus I mourn you, pining, pining,
For the gallant heart long gone,
Whose love was as a true star shining
To Máirín-ní-Cullinán.

THE GREEN WOODS OF TRUAGH.

In the green woods of Truagh we met without fear,
Your kiss on my lips, and your voice in my ear,
Your tender arms about me, and your eyes glad and clear—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

In the green woods of Truagh the days go on wings,
On every brown branch a gladsome bird sings
And the fragrant amber blossom of the honey-suckle swings—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

In the green woods of Truagh the bracken stands high,
And wells of spring-water in deep hollows lie,
And the red deer is browsing in the cool shadows nigh—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

In the green woods of Truagh no sorrow dared stay,
The lark called me early at dawn o' the day,
And o'er my sleep at night pleasant dreams used to play—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

In the green woods of Truagh you wait till I come—
I left home and you for the stranger's far home,
To bring a hoard of yellow gold across the gray foam—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

In the green woods of Truagh—if God hears my prayer—
I shall reach you, O true love, my empty hands there,
For little of the yellow gold has fallen to my share—
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

In the green woods of Truagh—your heart on my own,
And your bright hair in ringlets across my cheek blown,
Now where in all the wide, wide world, could greater bliss be known?
Ochón, the Green Woods of Truagh!

THE REASON WHY.

Because you brought the hills to me—
  The dear hills I had never seen,
All sweet with heather down the braes,
  And golden gorse between—

Where sings the blackbird in the dawn,
  And where the blue lake-water stirs,
And where the slender wind-blown sedge
  Shakes all its silver spurs.

Because you loved the country ways,
  Whereon your happy feet were set.
Nor was the calmness of your days,
  Stirred by one vexed regret.

But in your every homely word
  I heard my unknown kinsfolk call
My roving heart to find its nest
  Afar in Donegal.

HAUNTED.

There was a wild cry in the night
And one went past,
I knew a soul was faring forth
Upon the blast.

I knew it was my little love,
But dared not rise;
My mother held me with her prayers,
And tear-wet eyes.

"Son! Son! 'tis but the banshee's voice."
My grief! I knew
Cold Death had sealed the kissing lips,
And eyes of blue.

I knew she lay a pulseless thing,
A lily slain—
Lights at the feet that never more
Would dance again.

Candles around the yellow head—
And on her breast
Blossoms as wan as her dead cheek
Mine own had pressed.

My anger broke her gentle heart—
Because of me
She went to walk the lonely road
Where shadows be.

And I, crouched thro' that awful night
Without a stir,
Saw shining in the dark, the sweet
Sad face of her.

A chill wind blows about my hair
  Where'er I go ;
A weeping voice is in my ear—
  A voice I know.

She haunts me and will not depart
  For prayer or tear—
Would I were underneath the sod
  And she were here !

Then I, being dead, might pity win,
  And in God's peace
Old memories would lose their sting,
  Old sorrows cease.

FORSAKEN.

In dreams I hear his voice—
  When morn breaks gold and gray,
The sorrow grows and grows
  Since he is far away;
And on the winds that sigh and sing
My heart with him goes wandering.

Oh, little tender winds,
  Among the grasses warm;
And winds of wilder mood
  That bring the rain and storm;
Be gentle to him—stir his hair,
As I would, uttering a prayer.

If it were mine to go
  His comrade through the world,
I'd walk before, and meet
  Each sorrow that is hurled
At his dear head. God pity me
Who bide at home while such things be!

ART THE LONELY.

The berried quicken-branches lament in lonely sighs,
Through open doorways of the *dún* a lonely wet wind cries,
And lonely in the hall he sits with feasting warriors round,
The harp that lauds his fame in fights hath a lonely sound.

The press of battle and the clang of striking spears
Set a lonely echo ringing for ever in his ears;
Amid the hunting-band he goes dream-stricken in the dawn—
The red deer and the baying hounds seem phantoms hurrying on.

The speckled salmon, too, darts lonely in the pool,
The swan floats lonely with her brood in shallows cool,
His steeds—the swift and gentle—are lonely in their stall,
The sorrow of his loneliness weighs heavy over all.

For in the house of Tara three shadows share the feast,
Conn sits within the High-King's place, against the East,
And Crionna whispers to his hound some memory of the chase,
While Connla to the harping turns a joyous listening face.

Ah, woe! the cairn is over Conn—his hundred battles done,
And in his sleeping Crionna lies, hidden from the sun;
But on a blue mysterious wave Prince Connla sailed away,
Nor hath an eye in Éire beheld him since that day.

His yellow hair hath silver stars to crown it now,
And silver blossoms kiss his cheek at bending of the bough,
And the spell that lays forgetfulness of earth on earthly things
Blows sweetly down enchanted air from whirring fairy wings.

. . . . . .

Yet Art the King waits ever a footfall on the floor,
A radiant form between the carven pillars of his door,
His druids in their praying chant softly Connla's name,
And Crionna's boyish beauty, and Conn's enduring fame.

For sake of these his yearning heart to welcome Death is fain,
His hand moves idly at the chess ; joy spreads its lure in vain ;
His grieving gaze is seeking from morn till eventide
The eyes of two who sleep the Sleep, and of one who never died.

THE LITTLE HEAD OF CURLS.

O Little Head of Curls, you're my temptation—
When you flash before my eyes what can I do?
Were I a King I'd leave my lofty station,
And walk the world, *a-stóirín*, after you!
Ay, walk the world, nor envy mortal in it—
But travel gaily while the tempest whirls,
You'd be my Summer and my singing Linnet,
My Treasure-Store—O Little Head of Curls.

O Little Head of Curls, your father's winning
Red gold to give the *childeen* of his heart,
And your thrifty mother sits above her spinning,
My grief! the wealth that keeps us both apart!
And what have I to offer for their jewel?
Ah, nothing, *cáilín deas*, save love of you,
So they scorn me in the fair with glances cruel,
While you coax me with those laughing eyes of blue.

O Little Head of Curls, I'll cross the water,
Since a poor boy has no peace where'er you be—
And maybe then your haughty mother's daughter
Will sometimes have a kindly wish for me.
A-rúin—a-rúin, is that a tear down falling,
And what is this your trembling sweet lips say?
"Would I break your heart entirely?" No, *mo cháilín*,
So to comfort and console you, Love, I'll stay.

UNFEARING.

I fear not Life, now that your arms are round me,
Now that your heart hath told its tale to mine,
For Love hath rent the web of doubt that bound me,
Where once were mists I see his pure Star shine.

I fear not Death, despite its bitter drinking,
And the sad wrench of parting we must bear,
Since, some time, soul to soul shall leap unshrinking,
Before God's foot-stool, in the glory there.

IN DONEGAL.

I know a purple moorland where a blue loch lies,
Where the lonely plover circles, and the peewit cries,
Oh ! do you yet remember that dear day in September,
The hills and shadowy waters beneath those tender skies ?

Behind the scythes, swift-flashing, a wealth of gold corn lay,
In every brake a singing voice had some sweet word to say,
When we took the track together across a world of heather,
With Joy before us like a star to point the pleasant way.

. . . . . .

In Kerry of the Kings you hear the cuckoo call,
You watch the gorse grow withered and its yellow glory fall :
Yet may some dream blow o'er you the welcome that's before you,
Among the wind-swept heather and gray glens of Donegal.

ANGUS THE LOVER.

I follow the silver spears flung from the hands of dawn.
Through silence, though singing of stars, I journey on and on :
The scattered fires of the sun, blown wide ere the day be done,
Scorch me hurrying after the swift white feet of my fawn.

I am Angus the Lover, I who haste in the track of the wind,
The tameless tempest before, the dusk of quiet behind,
From the heart of a blue gulf hurled, I rise on the waves of the world,
Seeking the love that allures, woeful until I find.

The blossom of beauty is she, glad, bright as a shaft of flame,
A burning arrow of life winging me joy and shame,
The hollow deeps of the sky are dumb to my searching cry,
Rending the peace of the gods with the melody of her name.

My quest is by lonely ways—in the cairns of the mighty dead,
On the high-lorn peaks of snow—panting to hear her tread,
At the edge of the rainbow well whose whispering waters tell
Of a face bent over the rim, rose-pale, and as roses red.

Thus she ever escapes me—a wisp of cloud in the air,
A streak of delicate moonshine ; a glory from otherwhere ;
Yet out in the vibrant space I shall kiss the rose in her face,
I shall bind her fast to my side with a strand of her flying hair.

THE PASSING OF THE GAEL.

They are going, going, going from the valleys and the hills,
They are leaving far behind them heathery moor and mountain rills,
All the wealth of hawthorn hedges where the brown thrush sways and trills.

They are going, shy-eyed colleens and lads so straight and tall,
From the purple peaks of Kerry, from the crags of wild Imaal,
From the greening plains of Mayo and the glens of Donegal.

They are leaving pleasant places, shores with snowy sands outspread ;
Blue and lonely lakes a-stirring when the wind stirs overhead ;
Tender living hearts that love them, and the graves of kindred dead.

They shall carry to the distant land a tear-drop in the eye
And some shall go uncomforted—their days an endless sigh
For Kathaleen Ní Houlihan's sad face, until they die.

Oh, Kathaleen Ní Houlihan, your road's a thorny way,
And 'tis a faithful soul would walk the flints with you for aye,
Would walk the sharp and cruel flints until his locks grew gray.

So some must wander to the East, and some must wander West ;
Some seek the white wastes of the North, and some a Southern nest ;
Yet never shall they sleep so sweet as on your mother breast.

The whip of hunger scourged them from the glens and
quiet moors,
But there's a hunger of the heart that plenty never cures;
And they shall pine to walk again the rough road that is
yours.

Within the city streets, hot, hurried, full of care,
A sudden dream shall bring them a whiff of Irish air—
A cool air, faintly-scented, blown soft from otherwhere.

Oh, the cabins long-deserted!—Olden memories awake—
*Oh, the pleasant, pleasant places!—Hush! the blackbird
in the brake!*
Oh, the dear and kindly voices!—Now their hearts are fain
to ache.

They may win a golden store—sure the whins were golden
too;
And no foreign skies hold beauty like the rainy skies they
knew;
Nor any night-wind cool the brow as did the foggy dew.

. . . . . .

They are going, going, going, and we cannot bid them stay;
The fields are now the strangers' where the strangers'
cattle stray.
Oh! Kathaleen Ni Houlihan, your way's a thorny way!

THE SHADOW HOUSE OF LUGH.

Dream-fair, beside dream waters, it stands alone:
A winging thought of Lugh made its corner stone:
A desire of his heart raised its walls on high,
And set its crystal windows to flaunt the sky.

Its doors of the white bronze are many and bright,
With wondrous carven pillars for his Love's delight,
And its roof of the blue wings, the speckled red,
Is a flaming arc of beauty above her head.

Like a mountain through mist Lugh towers high,
The fiery-forked lightning is the glance of his eye,
His countenance is noble as the Sun-god's face—
The proudest chieftain he of a proud Dedanaan race.

He bides there in peace now his wars are all done—
He gave his hand to Balor when the death-gate was won,
And for the strife-scarred heroes who wander in the shade,
His door lieth open, and the rich feast is laid.

He hath no vexing memory of blood in slanting rain,
Of green spears in hedges on a battle plain;
But through the haunted quiet his love's silver words,
Blow round him swift as wing-beats of enchanted birds.

A gray haunted wind is blowing in the hall,
And stirring through the shadowy spears upon the wall,
The drinking horn goes round from shadowy lip to lip—
And about the golden methers shadowy fingers slip.

The Star of Beauty, she who queens it there;
Diademed, and wondrous long, her yellow hair.
Her eyes are twin-moons in a rose-sweet face,
And the fragrance of her presence fills all the place.

He plays for her pleasure on his harp's gold wire
The Laughter-tune that leaps along in trills of fire;
She hears the dancing feet of *Sidhe* where a white moon gleams,
And all her world is joy in the House of Dreams.

He plays for her soothing the Slumber-song:
Fine and faint as any dream it glides along:
She sleeps until the magic of his kiss shall rouse;
And all her world is quiet in the Shadow-house.

His days glide to night, and his nights glide to day:
With circling of the amber mead, and feasting gay;
In the yellow of her hair his dreams lie curled,
And her arms make the rim of his rainbow world.*

* I have pieced together, as best I could, from the unpolished, and unfinished, rough drafts. I supplied a missing word here and there, and missing lines—to complete stanzas.—S. MacM.

THE GREEN PLOVER.

The Eske wood is lonely, and I go in fear,
Where the shadows are thickest, to seek you, my dear.
Your bed is the sere leaf, your roof the green boughs,
And cold is your house, though the Summer is near.

You crouch with the wild-birds in bracken and ling,
O'er your sleep, danger-haunted, the wistful larks sing,
And the gay blackbirds fling you their mirth, my Green Plover,
Lie close in your cover—the Hawk's on the wing.

In the sweep of the Hawk over mountain and moor,
Is danger, Green Plover, relentless and sure.
He dangles the lure of his gold where he goes—
'Mid friends and 'mid foes, your doom to secure.

He hath taken your castle, your life he demands,
He hath harried with fire your father's broad lands,
At your broken gate stands all his red-coated men,
And through the green glen roams his murderous bands.

Oh, what if he knew that the bride he would wed,
Were pressing her cheek to your bonny dark head,
That her lips had grown red with the warmth of your kiss,
And her heart found its bliss in the fond words you said!

But a sail's on the waters—a snowy far sail:
And Christ in His mercy hath sent us a gale,
That from sad Innisfail we may fly in the night—
Green Plover, what sight makes your brown face grow pale?

The Hawk! God be praised for this marvellous grace
Our last earthly look is on each other's face
And death hath no trace of dread fear now that I
Am given to die in my true love's embrace.

HANDSOME BRIAN O'GALLAGHER.

(*After an Old Song.*)

Handsome Brian O'Gallagher, you took my heart away
When you set your foot upon the ship and sailed that bitter day,
And in my dreams, both noon and night, I'm sighing o'er and o'er,
Handsome Brian O'Gallagher, shall I ever see you more?

'Tis far and very far your feet have led you all alone,
No friendly faces near you, nor speech that is your own;
But withered verdure under, and a cruel sun before—
Handsome Brian O'Gallagher, shall I ever see you more?

Sure travel brings no ease *a gradh*, but wakens memories sweet,
And a keen regret within you for a white hill-climbing street;
For the turf-fire's ruddy flicker, and the kindly open door—
Handsome Brian O'Gallagher, shall I ever see you more?

You must have met the fairies in some shadow-thridden glen,
Who shook their Fluttering Wisp at you, again and yet again,
And sowed the seed of wandering that keeps me sobbing sore—
Handsome Brian O'Gallagher, shall I ever see you more?

The magic of the Fluttering Wisp has struck your clear eyes blind,
Since for an unknown world you leave this dearer world behind;
With its green and purple valleys, its songful woods *go leor*—
Handsome Brian O'Gallagher, shall I ever see you more?

I will pray for you to Patrick, and on Brigid I will call—
(And there's many a holy *toras* to be said in Donegal),
And Colmcille will listen from his throne on heaven's floor—
Handsome Brian O'Gallagher, shall I ever see you more?

Oh! thinking long 's the weary work; it breaks my heart from dawn,
Till all the solemn shining stars come out at dayli' gone;
And with the dart of sorrow I am wounded to the core—
Handsome Brian O'Gallagher, shall I ever see you more?

NIALL GLONDUBH TO GORMLAI.

(A.D. 913.)

The war-pipes blow, and with joy I go from Aileach's Halls to the hosting-field,
I have roused my men from each Ulster glen in the glitter of rustless spear and shield.

They are yours for life, O'Cearbhall's wife, or yours for death in the battle's blare—
When our blue-sharp swords through Leinster hordes shall cut a pathway for vengeance there.

Shall cleave and kill with a mighty will, shall hack and hew for your woe or weal,
Till one who is best on his foeman's breast shall press in triumph the victor heel.

So now we march 'neath the greening arch of woodland places, swim rivers wide,
To guard your name from a coward's blame, to bear you far from a coward's side.

O fair bride, flown on a wayward blown ill-wind to a loveless royal seat,
Hath a crown consoled for the bliss of old—hath your sorrow remembered my sorrow, Sweet?

I have worn my pain as a secret chain, yet out of the years my passion cries—
The ache stirs keen in my heart, O Queen, and my eyes are wet for your haunting eyes.

Come back, come back, o'er the Northland track, let us laugh and kiss as in days that were—
When our childhood played in the quicken shade and I hid my face in your red-gold hair.

In your *grianán* bright for Love's delight, I shall tune my
harp to the songs you sing,
Sweeter than thrush in the twilight hush, or lark at morn on
a rising wing.

You are mine, yea, mine, by a right divine, who dares
deny while my hand is strong ?
Though Cearbhall won, from her father's *dún*, my flower of
flowers to her bitter wrong.

But our Clans shall pay the debt this day, and Niall wel-
come his Heart's Desire—
His Hope, his Star, through the stress of war, set free at
last from her bondage dire.

Come straight, come straight to the arms that wait—
nor in Cearbhall's arms shall you rest again—
Your knight I go, to meet my foe, and my guerdon reap
on the battle-plain.

THE COMING OF LOVE.

He came in the sea-drift and rain,
His eyes held a passionate pain,
  The night-dew lay damp on his hair:
    I knew not the face nor the form,
  The voice of undying despair
    That craved for a rest from the storm.
I opened my door straight and wide,
And beckoned him safe to my side.

He nestled anear me: each day
Brought a gladder, new sense of dismay
  As closer he crept to my heart,
    This outcast who came with the wind
  I never dared bid him depart,
    For I knew there would linger behind
Grave sorrow, unending regret,
For something too fond to forget.

One morning I rose unaware,
And stole up my heart's secret stair;
  And gazed through the half-open door:
    My guest was asleep on a throne,
  A dread quiver lay on the floor,
    And I knew it was Love, who alone
Had braved all the tempest's mad strife,
To teach me the glory of Life.

ANNE HATHAWAY.

Here did you stand, so shy and sweet,
With face turned to the moss-grown way
That William trod with eager feet
To you, at end of day.

Above you, tinted apple-blooms
Showered their leaves across the lane,
And round you stole the soft perfumes
Of flowers after rain—

Old cottage scents that rise at dusk
From rosemary and jessamine,
The passionate warm breath of musk,
And odorous woodbine.

The blush of girlhood is not yours,
You are a woman grave and fair;
Yet in your eyes your youth endures,
And in your sunset hair.

Across the fields at eventide
With jaunty step, and smile elate,
He came and sought you, bluebell-eyed,
Tryst-keeping at the gate.

And, "Sweetheart, hast thou waited long?"
And, "Nay, love, but a little space:"
Then was it but the throstle's song,
Or lovers face to face?

He lingered near you, all unchid,
He prayed, as only lovers can;
He knew the worth your true heart hid,
O fair, O happy Anne.

Dear ! did you dream in days to come
How great your lover's name would be ?
How spell of his should wreathe your home
With immortality ?

How strangers by your hearth should sit
And close their eyes, and seem to view,
Through vistas dim, your shadow flit,
And William's shadow, too ?

Or did you live those far-off years
Love-sheltered,—holding home the best,
Haply, no envious, worldly fears
Stirring your gentle breast ?

O sweet dead woman ! blessed above
All women of those distant days ;
Who knew the depth of Shakespeare's love,
And merited his praise.

IN GLENGORMLEY.

'Tis Summer in Glengormley,
And the mountain gorse aglow
Sends shafts of gold adown the slopes
Where we were wont to go ;
The thrushes pipe as sweet, as clear,
The streamlet sings all day
By daisied grass and heather-bells—
But you are far away !

Her star had dawned for our sad land,
Her rallying-call had pealed
Loud from the city's market-place
Over each sun-kissed field ;
And the loving heart that beat for me,
Was to the Mother true ;
So forth you fared to take your place
Among the dauntless few.

Though prison walls should sunder
Our hands, that clasped, *a stór*,
Though lonely years should weigh me down,
And you come back no more ;
Though our bright dreams be unfulfilled,
No shameful tears shall rise
To mar the memory of the smile
That lit my love's brave eyes.

I'd rather see you cold, love,
Beneath the shamrock screen,
Than know you traitor to your God,
And traitor to the Green !
I'd rather see your dear, fair head
On spear-point of the foe,
Than know when Ireland needed you
You never struck a blow !

She's worth all bitter pangs endured
For her sweet, holy sake,
By manly hearts that meet the steel,
And women's hearts that break;
Should weaker souls grow faint and cold,
Oh, never, love, forget
The land your father died to save
Is yours to die for yet.

But God may hear my pleading prayer,
And, haply, His decree
May bring you safe ere Summer wanes
To home, and love, and me;
My pride to know you never quailed!
My joy to kiss each scar
For Ireland borne, with Ireland's sons,
On battle-fields afar.

And the thrushes in Glengormley
Shall trill a song of hope,
The streamlet rush to welcome you
Adown the heathery slope,
The sad soul of the Motherland
Arise, erect and free,
When you come back, oh, true and brave,
To my glad heart and me!

THE ERIN'S HOPE (1867).

A sail! a sail upon the sea—a sail against the sun!
A sail, wind-filled from out the west! our waiting-time be done,
Since sword and spear and shield are here to free our hapless One!

Patiently hath she sought her Star, her Star of feast and fray,
That faded, leaving scarce a gleam to light us on the way,
Where, weary-eyed, she broods and waits the Dawning of the Day!

Her white, white hand hath listless lain for many a bitter year;
She cares no more to wake the harp that myriads thronged to hear:
The thick graves of her children rise around her far and near.

But hark! the tramp of marching men! The aid desired so long
Hath brought the bloom to her wan cheek, and, rising straight and strong,
She blesses in her holy speech the hosts she stands among.

O come, ye brave! O come, ye wise! O come, ye true of heart!
Come in your love and loyalty, from field, from shore, and mart!
Let broad breasts make a rampart round and swords from scabbards start!

She is our love, she is our Queen, she is our Mother, too;
Her cry hath reached the utmost seas, but 'tis for you and you,
Her sons, to break the chains that bind, and throne her neath the blue.

SIR TURLOUGH.

"Go forth to the combat,
My hero, my dearest," she cried, half in sorrow;
"The trumpets peal loudly, there's work for the daring;
Our country may rise on the wings of the morrow,
Then speed where the strong and high-hearted are faring.

"Bear the banner I broidered
Straight, straight to the core of the conflict; at sunset
My maidens shall croon the old songs of our sireland,
And our prayers shall ascend for the brave in the onset—
The faithful and noble who struggle for Ireland!

"Farewell, then; farewell, Love!
O, weak that I am! I would hold thee and keep thee,
And vex thy proud soul with my woman's beseeching,
Whose glory and anguish it may be to weep thee,
Since the dread arm of Death for our truest is reaching.

"Ah, fiery steed, fret not!
Nor prick thy fine ears at the ominous rattle;
Far happier than I, thou wilt still be anear him,
When my knight heads his clan in the stress of the battle
Down the ranks of the foe that shall fly and shall fear him.

"Yet in spirit I'll follow!
From our ivy-wreathed turret o'erlooking the valley
My anxious, sad eyes shall gaze under and over
For thy white tossing plume in the rush and the rally;
God guard thee and bless thee, my lover, my lover!"

Leaning forth in her beauty
She hears the quick tramp of his horse down the roadway,
She sees the white plume growing dim and yet dimmer,
Faint war-echoes fright her, until in the broadway
Of Heaven, smoke-shadowed, the pallid stars glimmer.

. . . . . .

With slow step and steady,
On spears ruddy-dyed, interlaced and entwining,
Up the rock-girded path where the mountain mist gathers,
And the fays hold their revels when day is declining,
They bore him at eve to the hall of his fathers.

Loud, loud wailed the keeners!
Their weird voices raised in the shrillness of trouble—
But not a moan made she, the dear and forsaken.
"*Mo bhrón!* 'tis our grief for the life of the noble
That the sharp-pointed steel of the spoiler had taken."

She knelt by him gently,
And pressed her sweet lips to the dead lips half-parted,
And laid her bright head on the dead heart that loved her;
No desolate tears at his deep silence started—
His brave bride in living and dying she proved her.

Praise the kind God who pitied,
And gave them to sleep their long last sleep together:
Across his broad breast her gold hair like a glory—
Above them the purple of wind-drifted heather—
And to us the pathos and pride of their story.

A GAELIC SONG.

A murmurous tangle of voices,
  Laughter to left and right,
We waited the curtain's rising,
  In a dazing glare of light ;
When down through the din came, slowly,
  Softly, then clear and strong,
The mournful minor cadence
  Of a sweet old Gaelic song.

Like the trill of a lark new-risen,
  It trembled upon the air,
And wondering eyes were lifted
  To seek for the singer there ;
Some dreamed of the thrush at noontide,
  Some fancied a linnet's wail,
While the notes went sobbing, sighing,
  O'er the heartstrings of the Gael.

The lights grew blurred, and a vision
  Fell upon all who heard—
The purple of moorland heather
  By a wonderful wind was stirred ;
Green rings of rushes went swaying,
  Gaunt boughs of Winter made moan ;
One saw the glory of Life go by,
  And one saw Death alone.

A river twined through its shallows,
  Cool waves crept up on a strand,
Or fierce, like a mighty army,
  Swept wide on a conquered land ;
The Dead left cairn and barrow,
  And passed in noble train,
With sheltering shield, and slender spear,
  Ere the curtain rose again.

The four great seas of Éire
  Heaved under fierce ships of war,
The God of Battles befriended,
  We saw the Star! the Star!
We nerved us for deeds of daring,
  For Right we stood against Wrong;
We heard the prayer of our mothers,
  In that sweet old Gaelic song.

It was the soul of Éire
  Awaking in speech she knew
When the clans held the glens and the mountains,
  And the hearts of her chiefs were true:
She hath stirred at last in her sleeping,
  She is folding her dreams away,
The hour of her destiny neareth—
  And it may be to-day—to-day.

MY PRAYER FOR YOU.

Our hands are met for the parting ; your path must lie afar,
Yet well my heart shall know the way that leads to where you are,
And whether in gladness or in woe this is my prayer sincere—
The blessing of God be with you through all the day, my Dear.

May it be nigh you when the hours are filled with anxious care,
And guide you when the track of sin shows smooth and very fair,
May it ease your soul of every grief, scatter each cloud of fear—
The blessing of God be with you through all the day, my Dear.

Can you see the sadness of my heart deep down within mine eyes ?
Can you hear in my gay farewell words the echo of my sighs ?
Or guess behind my laughter that the tears are trembling near—
The blessing of God be with you through all the day, my Dear.

The golden glory forsakes the sky, the throstle's song is dumb,
The flowers are sleeping on their stalks, and the parting time has come ;
It may be never again we'll stand in the gathered gloaming here—
Then the blessing of God go with you through all your days, my Dear.

AMOR VINCIT.

A rush of wings upon the air, while here you sit and spin—
Give over wailing, O sad heart, and let the Summer in!
Love knocks without your guarded gate, your fire is burning red—
"I cannot let him in," she wept, "because of Love that's dead."

His wings are heavy with the rain, his curls are tempest-tossed,
He bears fair gifts to compensate for all the joys you've lost;
Your silent house hath need of him, your lonely ingleside—
"I gave Love shelter once," she said, "for this my heart hath died."

"But if I be the Love of old," uprose his pleading sweet,
"Say might I then have welcoming, and nestle at your feet?
I only slept, uncared, unsought, beneath the stress of tears,
And ashes of remembrance, piled by the passing years.

"Yet Love outlives—if Love be true—aught born of blind disdain,
Comes in the gladness of the Spring, and seeks his own again—
Aught born of wrath when speech rings free and tried souls drift afar—
So Love be true, his benison can heal the deepest scar.

"Then let me in"—Her mournful eyes glow with their vanished grace
To see his drifted locks of gold, the glory on his face.
There's bloom in desert-lands to-day, there's singing in the sky,
Since Love remembered one sad heart, and cast his dreaming by.

A NEW YEAR SONG.

(1898.)

What shall the year bring, fraught with omen,
What shall the core of its message be?
Tramp of battle, and bright swords flashing,
And the sunburst over you, Gramachree?

Say in what dawn shall our eyes behold it—
Swift, white sails on the western sea,
And the exiled clans of your love returning
To succour and save you, Gramachree!

Say shall the sound of their war-chant ringing,
And our answering chorus re-echoing free,
From the strong dark North to the South sweet-spoken,
Wake, from her dreaming, Gramachree!

Ah! not alone do the exiles call you,
Nor alone in our passionate pleading are we;
But voices, long stilled, on the winds are drifting,
"Your day-star is rising, sad Gramachree!"

Hearken the shout of the Hundred Fighter!
At Brian's fierce thunder old sorrowings flee:
And Owen, and Hugh the Beloved, are bending
From Heaven to comfort you, Gramachree!

Lift your sad eyes to the hills, mavourneen,
Where true hearts yearn for the fray to be:
The gold dawn flushes your gray sky over,
God's sun will soon shine on you, Gramachree.

MEA CULPA.

Be pitiful, my God!
No hard-won gifts I bring—
But empty, pleading hands
To Thee at evening.

Spring came, white-browed and young,
I, too, was young with Spring.
There was a blue, blue heaven
Above a skylark's wing.

Youth is the time for joy,
I cried, it is not meet
To mount the heights of toil
With child-soft feet.

When Summer walked the land
In Passion's red arrayed,
Under green sweeping boughs
My couch I made.

The noon-tide heat was sore,
I slept the Summer through;
An angel waked me—"Thou
Hast work to do."

I rose and saw the sheaves
Upstanding in a row;
The reapers sang Thy praise
While passing to and fro.

My hands were soft with ease,
Long were the Autumn hours;
I left the ripened sheaves
For poppy-flowers.

But lo! now Winter glooms,
And gray is in my hair,
Whither has flown the world
I found so fair?

My patient God, forgive!
Praying Thy pardon sweet
I lay a lonely heart
Before Thy feet.

BEANNACHT LEAT.

Beannacht leat!
I hold your hand in mine, I say
The parting words this parting day—
And if a sob be stifled, Dear,
I pray you turn aside, nor hear—
I would be brave, and yet, and yet,
Can we two sunder without regret?

Beannacht leat!
May every vagrant wind a-stir
Between us be a messenger,
Each falling wild-rose petal blow
A haunting perfume where you go,
And all the brown birds in the blue
Sing memories of me to you.

Beannacht leat!
Thank God! 'tis not a long good-bye
We give each other, you and I—
Sure in my heart the hope is fain
To whisper, You will come again
With the kind eyes, the same kind smile—
Then for a little lonely while,
Beannacht leat!

THE SHAMROCK.

Patrick blessed it on Tara Hill,
He blessed it through good, he blessed it thro' ill,
He gave the little green leaf to me
As a humble sign of the Trinity.

I folded it safe in my heart and there
It grew in my love, so strong, so fair,
I held it dearer than rose or sedge
Tall-flowering, by the gray sea's edge.

It saw my Kings go forth to war
With spear and shield and battle car,
In the splendid time of my glory when
I was Queen and Mother of peerless men.

It grieved me when the trouble came
On that dark, dark day of fear and shame,
When the Chiefs went sailing, Ochón ! Ochón !
From Donegal and from green Tyrone.

Cromwell crushed it beneath his foot,
Yet, North and South spread each branchy root,
Secret and silent—from East to West—
And lo ! it was blooming upon my breast.

Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone,
Hath the Sassanach taken—the corner-stone
Of my palace lies in the flaunting weeds,
And my heart keeps ever a wound that bleeds.

My Faith and my Shamrock—all bereft
I guarded the twain that the foe had left,
I wore the sprig at the scaffold's side—
God's earth lie light on the brave who died.

In the folds of my heart is the Shamrock there—
It grows in my love, wide-spreading, fair,
And a thousand times dearer than rose or sedge,
Tall-flowering, by the gray sea's edge.

A BALLAD OF GALWAY.

The market-place is all astir,
The sombre streets are gay,
And lo! a stately galleon
Lies anchored in the Bay—
The colleens shy, and sturdy lads,
Are swiftly trooping down,
To greet the Spanish sailors
On the quay of Galway Town.

But Nora—golden Nora—
What matters it to you?
There's joy—long time a stranger—
In those gentle eyes of blue;
And wherefore deck your ringlets,
And don your silken gown,
For a crew of Spanish sailors
That stroll through Galway Town?

Said Nora—golden Nora—
And her laughter held a tear,
"I don my silk and laces
Because my love is near—
Among the Spanish crew is one
Should wear a kingly crown—
Although he walks a landless man,
To-day through Galway town.

"Look forth! see yond his dusky head
Tower high above the throng.
Oh brave is he, and true is he,
And so my lips have song;
For he's no Spanish sailor,
Though he wears the jerkin brown—
But Murrough Og O'Flaherty,
Come back to Galway Town

"He fought in Spain's red sieges,
And holds a Captain's place,
Ah! would his arm were raised to strike
In battles of his race!
But his boyhood saw with bitter grief
Iar-Connacht lose renown,
When the Saxon crushed his valiant clan
In the streets of Galway Town.

"To-night will be our wedding—
With a holy priest to bless—
Shall we remember Cromwell's law
Amid such happiness?
While my true love's arm is round me,
Should they come with fighting frown,
His sword shall cleave a pathway
For his bride through Galway Town."

Then up the street stepped Murrough,
And down stepped Nora Bán,
Had ever sailor fairer love—
Sweet, sweet as Summer dawn?
Their glad lips clung together—
"Such bliss old grief must drown:
God guard the faithful lovers,"
Prayed we in Galway Town.

Oh, far across the water
The good ship's speeding now,
And Murrough Og O'Flaherty
Stands tall beside the prow;
And Nora—golden Nora—
A bride in silken gown—
Hath sailed away for ever
From her kin in Galway Town.

PASSING BY.

["And it came to pass that as He was come nigh unto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the wayside begging: and hearing the multitude pass by he asked what it meant. And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by."]

"I hear Thy voice above the din
Of shouting multitudes that press
Between me and Thy tender eyes,
Thy healing hand upraised to bless;
Lord, I am blind! Look, look this way!
I sit anear the sun-dried pool,
Waiting for Thee the livelong day—
And, oh, to me be merciful!

"Lord, I am blind! Not mine to know
What sight of sky or earth may mean,
Men tell me of the solemn stars—
Sun, moon, that I have never seen.
Sinful, repining, gone astray—
Yet turn on me those brows of grace,
Lift up this darkening veil, I pray,
That I may see Thy joyful face.

"The happy little children sing
Around me in the burning heat
Of noon, or when the shadows bring
Soft breezes to our dusty street—
All day their joy rang far and wide,
Fain would I list to those anigh—
'Jesus of Nazareth comes,' they cried,
'The Lord is passing by.'

"'And wherefore make ye praise and song,
What hath He done to move ye thus?'
'Oh, He hath raised the dead to life
With sweetest speech, and marvellous;
And He hath made the deaf to hear,
The dumb to speak, the blind to see!'
I came, I waited, lorn and sere,
O Lord! be merciful to me!"

He heard. The pressing throng unclosed
A pathway to the wayside well ;
Upon the poor shut lids His touch
And tender breathing gently fell.
O ! glad blind beggar in the dust,
Who rising from thy lowly place,
Lift eyes of wonder, love, and trust,
To gaze upon the Saviour's face !

. . . . .

Lord, I am blind ! Yet do Thou pause
A little while to mark my woe ;
Weak is my plea, but faintly raised
Amid the crowds that come and go ;
My heart, world-weary, turns at last,
Cries loud to Thee with shuddering cry—
O, dear Lord, hear the prayer I pray,
And save me passing by.

IN ISPAHAN.

One sunny day in Ispahan,
The Persian Yusuf sat and read
With eager eyes and bent white head
The World's great tale since Time began :
And turned his old lined face to me
Who gazed straight out unheedingly—
For now the passions of a man
Had grown, and Love held stronger sway
(Than aught that lived and passed away)
O'er me that day in Ispahan.

That sunny day in Ispahan,
The high-hung burning orb unrolled
O'er dreaming vales his sheet of gold,
Of red and amber raylets' span,
And each warm flow'ret dropped its head
Asleep upon its scented bed :
And through the happy hush there ran
The sudden crooning of a bird
That round the tree-tops flashed and whirred
That sunny day in Ispahan.

That sunny day in Ispahan,
I saw my slender maid go by,
Scarce lifting up the lids that lie
Black-fringed upon her cheeks so wan :
And then I mused :—" What books can hold
Such love as her heart bears untold,
Whose brow the perfumed breezes fan,
Whose curved red mouth controls my fate,
So that I grieve, so that elate
I count life Heaven in Ispahan."

That sunny day in Ispahan,
I weighed all science deep and rare,
Grand poet-songs beyond compare;
And turning to the love-worn man
I cried, "My love holds nature's grace
(Enough for me) within her face;
No tomes that ever yet were read
Shrine beauty such as that sweet head
Shows in its bendings to and fro;
I go to her; she is my star,
My shadow near; my moon afar,
To guide me through all glooms of woe."

I rose and left that wondering man,
Still vision-wrapped in Ispahan.

THE BETRAYAL OF CLANNABUIDHE.*

(Belfast Castle, November, 1574.)

From Brian O'Neill in his Northern home
Went swiftly a panting vassal,
Bidding the lord of Essex come
To a feast in his forded castle,
To a friendly feast where the gleaming foam
Of the wine-cup crowned the wassail.

To Brian O'Neill came his gentle wife,
And wild were her eyes of warning;
"A banquet-chamber of blood and strife
I dreamt of 'twixt night and morning,
And a voice that keened for a chieftain's life— "
But he laughed as he kissed her, scorning.

"In peace have I bidden the strangers here,
And not to the note of battle;
My flagons await them with bubbling cheer,
I have slaughtered my choicest cattle;
And sweetest of harpings shall greet thine ear,
A rúin! o'er the goblet's rattle."

In pride he hath entered his banquet hall,
Unwitting what may betide him,
Girded round by his clansmen tall,
And his lady fair beside him;
From his lips sweet snatches of music fall,
And none hath the heart to chide him.

Hath he forgotten his trust betrayed
In the bitterest hour of trial?
Hath he forgotten his prayer half-stayed
At the Viceroy's grim denial?
And the bloody track of the Saxon raid
On the fertile lands of Niall?

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* Pronounced Clan-na-bwee.

Essex hath coveted Massareene,
And Toome by the Bann's wide border,
Edendhucarrig's dark towers—the scene
Of hard-won fight's disorder;
And Castlereagh, set in a maze of green
Tall trees, like a watchful warder.

Brian O'Neill he hath gazed adown
Where the small waves, one by one, met
The sward that sloped from the hilltops thrown
Dusky against the sunset;
Sighed in his soul for his lost renown
And the rush of an Irish onset.

Woe! he is leagued with his father's foe,
Hath buried the ancient fever
Of hate, while he watches his birthright go
Away from his hands for ever;
No longer Clan-Niall deals blow for blow,
His country's bonds to sever.

Over the Ford to his castle gray
They troop with their pennons flying—
(*Was that the ring of a far hurrah,*
Or the banshee eerily crying?)
In glittering glory the gallant array
Spurs hard up the strand, low-lying.

Three swift-speeding days with the castle's lord
They had hunted his woods and valleys;
Three revelling nights while the huge logs roared,
And the bard with his harp-string dallies,
Freely they quaffed of the rich wine, poured
As meed of the courtly sallies.

(*Yet one fair face in the laughing crowd*
Grew wan as the mirth waxed faster,
Her blue eyes saw but a spectral shroud,
And a spectral host that passed her;
Her ears heard only the banshee's loud
Wild prescience of disaster.)

Gaily the voice of the chieftain rang,
Deeply his warriors blended
In chant of the jubilant song they sang
Ere the hours of the feasting ended;
But hark! Why that ominous clash and clang?
And what hath that shout portended?

What speech uncourteous this clamour provokes,
Through the midst of the banter faring?
Forth flashes the steel from the festal cloaks,
Vengeful and swift, unsparing—
And Clannabuidhe's bravest reel 'neath the strokes
Strive blindly, and die despairing.

O'Gilmore sprang to his Tanist's side
Shrilling his war-cry madly—
Ah! far are the kerns who at morning-tide
Would flock to the summons gladly;
The echoes break on the rafters wide,
And sink into silence sadly.

Captive and bleeding he stands—the lord
Of the faithful dead around him;
Captive and bleeding—the victor horde
In their traitorous might surround him;
From his turrets is waving their flag abhorred,
And their cruel thongs have bound him.

. . . . . .

Cold are the fires in the banqueting hall,
Withered the flowers that graced it,
Silent for ever the clansmen tall
Who stately and proudly paced it;
Gloom broods like a pall o'er each lofty wall
For the foul deed that disgraced it.

There is grief by the shores of the Northern sea,
And grief in the woodlands shady,
There is wailing for warriors stout to see,
Of the sinewy arm and steady;
There is woe for the Chieftain of Clannabuidhe,
And tears for his gentle lady.

MY DEAREST.

She is my Dearest, and I take
  My burdens to her gentle breast,
All doubts that fill my waking hours,
  All troubles that beset my rest:
Whate'er the griefs, her prayerful eyes
Shine with no shadow of surprise.

I think if angels took her hand
  And led her where God's pastures are,
And knelt her at His feet, He swift
  Would frame her in a splendid star,
And place her in a sea of light
To cheer and gladden all the night.

She is so sweet, so true, so pure,
  If all the varied speech of earth
Were mine to tell her goodness by,
  I could not falter half her worth:
God made her, loved her, found her true,
That is enough for me and you.

Only, life grows more beautiful
  While she walks with us unafraid,
Interpreting with saintly speech
  The heaven in which her soul hath stayed;
Impressing still its finer sense
Upon our dull intelligence.

I tremble at the day to come
  When she, my Dearest, will depart;
And I bereft . . with feet that stray.
  Loving, compassionate as Thou art,
I pray as one in danger durst,
Take me to Thee, kind Lord, the first.

CONSUMMATION.

In a sheltered, cool, green place
You and I once stood together
Where the quickens interlace.

Then it was our love declared
(Thro' a throstle's silver chiming)
All the passion that it dared.

Then you called me by my name,
And the answering eyes I lifted
Flashed a flame unto a flame.

Hushed, we watched the eve descend
The rose-flecked stair of day, to see
Our heart's probation fitly end.

Stars and mist and dew-wet flowers
Scented, shielded, and made holy,
That sweet hour of the hours.

Oh Dear Heart, life holds no gift
Half so precious, half so brittle,
As this Love-cup that we lift.

And remembering, down the years
All my songs shall echo sighing,
All my laughter trill with tears.

MEMOIR

ETHNA CARBERY

I HAVE wanted, and long waited, to write a biography of Ethna Carbery. But I have not yet got the personal detachment necessary for the right doing of such a work.

The hundreds who knew her personally have wanted to see her biography set down. Thousands who have come to know her in spirit are wishful to have her pictured to them. Some day I shall find the right person to do the work rightly. Meantime I want to set down some details which will partly satisfy the desires of her friends—and which will also be of use to a future biographer.

I.

Ethna Carbery's most conspicuous qualities were her lovingness, her lovableness, and her intense patriotism.

The good Lord bestows on many people the gift of loving—on other many the gift of being loved. He crowns a rare few with the double gift. Ethna Carbery was one of the blessed few. And amongst these few, so marked was she by the lavishness of her blessing that not only those who knew her much and those who knew her slightly, but also many who merely saw her, still carry with them a wondering beautiful sense of her singular radiance—her singular bounteousness both in love-giving and love-taking.

A poor old woman from a back street in Donegal town said to me, " Ach ! sure it was the oddest thing under the sun, how many of us who never had the luck to split lips to her, loved her after only seeing her walk the street ! "

That remark, from a humble and hardship-ridden creature, illuminates Ethna Carbery's leading quality, just as much as does the following, from the letter of a woman of intellectual and literary gift—" What remains with me most regarding her is her exquisite womanliness —some kind of a soft sweetness that hovered round her like a halo. I can hardly explain what I mean to you—you know I've met, at one time or another, all the finest women in Ireland, but have not met one that could come near her as a woman. I think it was her sympathy that made her so lovable—to me, her loss was by far the very bitterest that my life has known, and that though I met her only half a dozen times."

The adjective *exquisite* here used to describe her womanliness, exactly defines it. Though, in a country of poets she was remarkable as a poet, yet, in a country of womanly women she was still more remarkable as a woman.

Events prove that she had the gift of imprisoning her love and her lovableness in the winged words which she gave to the world—from which words their fragrance now exhales and always will exhale. A woman in America, one of the thousands who came to know Ethna Carbery posthumously only, through her poems and prose, held in her closed hand, for some moments, an object that Ethna Carbery had used—and said, after a little tense silence, " I love Ethna Carbery as though I used to walk with her."

Ethna Carbery's mind was an enchanted garden filled with fragrance and the carolling of birds—where reigned joy-giving perpetual Spring—and whose blue-domed

sky, knowing no cloud, blessed the mornings with manna and the nights with peace. She might well have been looking into her own soul when she wrote her poem, "My Dearest":—

"I think if angels took her hand
And led her where God's pastures are,
And knelt her at His feet, He swift
Would frame her in a splendid star,
And place her in a sea of light
To cheer and gladden all the night.

"Only, life grows more beautiful
While she walks with us unafraid,
Interpreting with saintly speech
The heaven in which her soul hath stayed;
Impressing still its finer sense
Upon our dull intelligence."

Ethna Carbery was of that nature which unreservedly drew woman's confidences. On the faintest pretext, and on the slightest acquaintance too, women would unburden to her their joys and their woes, their wrongs and their romances. But especially did they delight to sigh their sorrows into her sympathetic ear. Many a time I was forced to shield her from sisters who imagined they had great sorrows, and hungered to have her share these sorrows with them. She, herself, too keenly feeling, never objected. Because she knew that her hopeful heart could help, she never spared herself. Whether the litany of woes chanted in her patient ear was imaginary or real, always her golden optimism, and her unsounded wells of love did help. Hardly ever did we leave a house, even after a short visit, without Ethna Carbery's bearing away with her the confidences of the household's womankind. And often those who hungered to have

her share their confidences were women who might have been her grandmother.

On a little tour, once, we stopped an hour for dinner at an inn—the melancholy landlady of which we never saw before, and it was probable, would never see again. Yet, on leaving, Ethna Carbery carried with her the whole sad history of a generation that was gone and of a generation that was coming on. She knew the landlady's worries, woes, debts, entanglements, and midnight prospects. As we went away she bantered me because I showed some irritation at the woman's unreasonable presumption upon the good-nature of an utter stranger, and pleasedly pointed out the fact that we had left behind us a cheery, smiling, human being, where we had met a woe-begone one.

It was a wise provision of Providence that endowed her so richly with joy that gushed eternally from an inexhaustible fountain, and with optimism that was intrepid—otherwise she surely would have bent under the burdens that were being constantly piled on her—burdens which, bravely, she seemed to welcome. To all weary, wandering souls, who carried a load and sought for a place to rest it, the gates of her love flew open. Every sorrow-stricken beggar for sympathy, and every leper, who limped down the way, was brought in, warmed and refreshed at her heart's glowing hearth, rested, and sent forward with the morning sun on his face. Hers were the thrice blessed riches which are acquired by giving instead of getting.

But it must be noted that the confidences showered upon her were by no means all sad. Her woman friends' romances were constantly rejoicing her. For there never lived one who more dearly loved romance than she. It was the savor of life to her. In her fancy, Romance was both crowned and haloed—one of the most joyful things in the world. She delighted in the romance of a friend

—even of an acquaintance—as if it were her own. The ups and downs and intricacies of the courtship of her maid, she followed breathlessly. For of course the maid confided to her—like everyone else could not refrain from confiding to her—every little step in the progress of her love-story. The newest turn in Bettie's courting was one of the very first, most absorbingly interesting, bits of intelligence with which she could greet you, a favoured one, on your arrival to visit her. Romance, for her, was the world's food, drink, and lodging. And if every boy and girl on earth could have, and live in, their sweet romance, then earth were Heaven's threshold. For, in her great simplicity of heart—and it should be recorded that her simplicity of heart was royally magnificent—she considered that her own rare ideal of romance was the work-a-day romance which, pack-a-back, was perpetually knocking at the heart of youth, and clamouring for admission.

Romance was the flower-filled, bird-haunted, grove that surrounded the house of love. This grove was a place of play: but the house was a house of prayer. In the grove were sweet chanting, gay dancing, and merry calling. But in the house—which to enter one put off one's shoes—was a sacred hush—too sacred to be broken save by whispered syllables. Her ideal of love, its wonder, its awe, its joy, its holiness, was rarely and sacredly beautiful. And to sacrifice oneself for the one beloved was life's supreme privilege. To her intense feeling on this point she gives expression in several of her poems. In "Forsaken":—

> "If it were mine to go
> His comrade through the world,
> I'd walk before, and meet
> Each sorrow that is hurled
> At his dear head. God pity me
> Who bide at home while such things be."

" To the Comely Four of Aran," she prays :—

" His bright head be your care,—
O tender Saints and fair !
Be you his mantle in the dew and rain,
His shelter from the cold,
The staff within his hold,
And mine the grieving be, the cold, the pain."

They who bring to Ethna Carbery's poems no knowledge of love will there discover knowledge of it ; and they who bring to them a deep knowledge of love will there find deeps undreamt of.

With her, Love was life's resplendent crown.

II.

Through all her span—childhood, girlhood, and what of womanhood was hers—Ireland was the dearest thing on earth to her. Of and for Ireland she always thought intensely, and wrought passionately. For her country's sake she would gladly sacrifice everything else that she prized—and joyously sacrifice herself. I have never known another in whom patriotism was such a sublime, such an absorbing and consuming passion. She loved all who worked for Ireland. She worshipped all who died for Ireland. How intensely her heart glowed with the white flame of patriotism I'll not try to tell. Her works show it.

She was admirably unconscious of the rareness of her patriotic passion. She only recognized it as a natural feeling. Her humility was such that she did not reckon herself among the patriots—only thought of herself as one of the crowd who tried to encourage the patriots with their earnest plaudits.

That same admirable humility of soul pervaded all her activities. She never thought of herself as a leader in any realm—only as an appreciator of the brave ones

who led. She did not think of herself as a true poet—only as a lover, a far-off humble worshipper, of true poets. She did not crave to have people applaud her work, and call it fine. She ambitioned with it to win people to love Ireland, and to work for Ireland—with it to raise Ireland's drooping heart, and to sing away some of Ireland's sorrow. The woman who had best opportunity to know Ethna Carbery's soul, as laid bare in her work, day by day for years, her friend Alice Milligan, says: "The quality that struck me most was that none of her work was done with a view to achievement, so much as service to Ireland. She did not write with the view of becoming a noted person—her talents were dedicated—it was, therefore, that she had such a genuine delight in the work of others, and was so admiring and helpful to young writers entering on the same path."

Her greatest privilege, her highest ambition, was to encourage and to applaud real workers, those who had the courage and ability to achieve.

Ethna Carbery and Alice Milligan were leaders—leaders, too, (as the wise ones thought) of a forlorn hope.

It was just a few years after the death of Parnell, when Ireland had slipped into the Slough of Despond—when the nation's hopes seemed shattered—and all patriotic work for Ireland was completely arrested—that these two gallant young girls, seeing their duty, stepped into the breach, and founded the little magazine, the *Shan Van Vocht*, for the rallying of the scattered and disheartened few, who, in the wilderness, still had not entirely lost the faith.

For three and a half years these two girls edited the magazine, and managed it. They themselves wrote almost all of the magazine. From the world's four corners, wherever there was a faithful Irish exile, they compiled the subscription list. They read the proofs. They kept the books. They sent the bills. They wrote the

letters. With their own hands they folded and addressed every copy that was to go out, and licked every stamp that was to carry it on its journey to Ireland's faithful soldiers, veterans and recruits. Many and many a weary day they spent drudging in the office—and on many and many a weary evening they trudged home to Ethna Carbery's father's house in Donegall Park (on the outskirts of Belfast), there to swallow their supper, and, if Ethna's Gaelic teacher was not that night due, sit down on opposite sides of the same table, turning out poem and story for the next issue, and writing long letters of help and hope and encouragement—these worn and wearied girls—to their subscribers, correspondents, and friends in Ireland, England, France, America, South Africa, India, Australia. And they rejuvenated and refreshed themselves in thus heartening and encouraging others.

They rallied to them the faithful in exile and the half-hopeless at home. They inspired patriotic writers to lift again the pen that had fallen from their despairing fingers. And they inspired new ones, young ones, to take up the pen and aid in the work for Ireland. The rallying call of these two girls was heard wherever, around the world, a patriotic Irishman had halted in his wanderings. And from the most out-of-the-way corners of the globe came the response to their call; and through the little *Shan Van Vocht*, in that dark hour for Ireland, they gathered to them a regiment of Ireland's truest lovers—the fruitful nucleus for the far greater army that was soon to follow. To-day, only the few remember that it was these two girls, with their wonderful little magazine, patriotic, poetic, firing, stimulating, who revived Ireland's spirit when it seemed dead, and turned the tide of Ireland's fortune when to many it seemed flown for ever. With this revival of Ireland's poetry and Ireland's patriotism came the beginning of the Great Revival. And when, to-day, I find foreigners—

and even some of their Irish imitators—expatiating upon the great service of some remote ones, in reviving Ireland's literature, I smile amusedly. Almost all Irish writers of the day helped with their contributions the brave work which the brave girls were struggling to accomplish. And it is worth adding that, of the many notable or to-be-notable ones who enthusiastically aided, there were three who (God rest them), in the fair springtime of their life-work and the springtime of this national work, soon followed Ethna Carbery into the Land Beyond. They were, Norah Hopper, "Fear na Muintire," and poor Lionel Johnson. Another valued contributor was sterling James Connolly, who, later, nobly and happily fell with the first swath of the golden Harvest—and went to join the Joyful company. May they, one and all, bask eternal in the glad smile of God.

These girls, then, with their wonderful little magazine started the so-called Irish Revival. And with the earnest few men who were then devoting themselves to the Gaelic Revival, the two girls helped to plough the ground and sow the seed for the Gaelic Harvest that soon followed.

III.

Ethna Carbery was the most singularly joyous-hearted mortal whom I ever knew. Every morning she woke in gladness to greet a glad day. And each succeeding day was to her a new, joyous adventure. In her happy memory, every day that she had lived was a haloed and holy day. With bright thankfulness bubbling at her heart's brim she told me many a time that there was no day of all her past life that she would not gladly live again. The days that are, the days that were, and the days that will be, were alike to her. Past, present, and future blended in the mystical, magical, colorful Tír na

nOg, in which all her days merged—wherein all her life she walked.

Hers was an inner radiant joy, shining through, which all who met her saw and felt. That inner joy it was which gave to her voice and to her manner the caressing quality that marked them—and gave her, her peculiar sweetness, softness, sympathy deep and wide and all-embracing as the ocean. That it was which created the rare atmosphere of peace and love, which she carried with her—an atmosphere that was balm to wounded ones, uplift to the oppressed, courage to the faltering. That inner joy it was which made Ethna Carbery the May-day of the poets' fancy, clothed in flesh, to fairy music walking abroad and scattering flowers wherever she went.

Her childhood and girlhood by Belfast Lough, where, with her brother and sister and a constant stream of visiting young friends from the city, she played, rambled, and read, yachted and bathed, was indeed happy—but not more so than was her young womanhood, passed upon the beautiful swelling slope of bold Cave Hill—four miles inland. It was in their Glencoe home here that she began seeking, with the pen, to express her soul. This longing to express herself upon paper was hastened, I am sure, by the literary stimulation she always got on her Dublin visits—to the home of the Tynans, usually.

Her literary work quickly drew attention—quickly, for the two reasons that, the true poetic flame burnt in her breast, and her fine taste and wide reading had given her easy power of expression.

Like every work to which her ready hand turned, she joyed in writing. She wrote with ease. She was prolific in ideas. They flowed fast as the pen could record them. Her fancy was rich and rainbow tinted. Her imagination seethed and bubbled and overflowed. She never could take enough time from her other activities to

record all the fine thoughts that in her fertile brain jostled for expression.

In themes for poems she was wealthy. Poems were always singing themselves in her soul. And when she lifted the pen they wrote themselves. Sometimes a poem came to her in a flash, completed. With the wand the fairies gave her, she struck the gray rock on the hill-side and, lo! a beautiful poem!

The tinkling of the bell for tea in their home, on an afternoon when she had some girl friends visiting her, gave her a mysterious little revelation of fairyland. She let her friends go with her sister Maggie to the dining-room, while she wrote her beautiful "In Tír na nOg"—and then joined them. In our home on the Eske's estuary in Donegal, one evening, she quitted me in the middle of a discussion, that she might give an order to the maid. I had to wait ten minutes for her return—but when she came back she read to me, off a scrap of grocer's paper, "The Curse of Mora," lacking only two lines of being complete. As she had entered the twilit kitchen a flame, suddenly leaping in the fire, flicked her eyes and gave her the poem—which, at the kitchen table she had instantly scribbled out—complete, save for the fifth and sixth lines of the fourth stanza, which I then supplied.

These inspirations were, in part at least, the result of her strange mystic power. For she was sacredly endowed with that gift which still lingers in our mountains, the old Celtic gift of second-sight. The unseen world was always close to her, and its gates for her were always ajar, giving her frequent glimpses of the land of beauty and wonder—which were denied to us, the less favoured.

Of course only few of her poems wrote themselves in the instantaneous way referred to. Yet even her more deliberate ones were written with pleasant ease. She could, and often did, write them (as when the printer

pressed) in the same room in which her father, mother, and sister, and maybe some visitors, were talking—talking not merely to one another, but to her also. As she penned her poem or story she could take her mother's frequent banter, and, between lines, parry it—and in her quietly humorous and deft way, give back better than she got.

For, she had a refreshing sense of humour which, though always subordinated, was ever alert—and was constant source of provocation for mother and intimates to banter her—with purpose of drawing the delicious responses that were waiting. Her intimates loved to banter her—and because it gave them delight, she delighted to have them do so.

She never thought of herself as a literary woman. And her literary proclivities were always either utilized for practical purpose or at most times subordinated to her many other activities.

IV.

Her mother was a Donegal woman, filled with the traditions of Donegal. And in turn Ethna Carbery, through her childhood, became saturated with those traditions. So, Donegal was the beautiful land of romance to her. And Donegal's hero, Red Hugh, was her cherished hero. Donegal hunger had always held her. It was befitting, then, that she should eventually come to Donegal to live—should I say, to die.

Yet it was not till the harvest time of '98 that she had the joy of resting her eyes on the Hills of her Heart, and walking among them. She, her sister Maggie, Alice Milligan (always a victim of Donegal hunger too) and Tomás O'Concannon, came then to Donegal for the purpose of holding *feiseanna* which we organized, and for which they brought prizes. Tomás, pining in exile,

had been fired and inspired by the work the girls were doing through the *Shan Van Vocht*—especially by the Gaelic propaganda with which they were stirring and heartening the scattered Gaels, and paving the way for the spread of the Gaelic League. In far away Mexico, he, wandering, had heard their call, and had enthusiastically responded—with both purse and pen. He had become one of their dearest, staunchest, friends. He had cut short his career, resigned golden prospects, and returned to Ireland, to throw himself into the revival work with all the extraordinary energy and ardour which was henceforth to signalize him among Irish workers.

That little tour, in Donegal of her heart's love, was a sojourn in Tír na nOg to Ethna Carbery. Barnes Mor, Lough Eske, Donegal, Inver Bay, Glenfin, Sliabh Liag—gave refreshment to her hungering soul. They were glad dreams come true!

Among glens that had always been gilded and hills that had always been haloed in her fancy, she walked entranced, absorbing joy and inspiration. That soul-satisfying visit was to her a golden milestone on life's march.

Some of the poetic fruits of this tour are "Little Head of Curls," inspired by a pretty yellow-ringletted daughter of John Bonner, the sterling Gael who schoolmastered by beautiful Lough Eske—"Mary of Carrick" called forth by a casual meeting, on the street of Carrick, with the winsome young village schoolmistress, Mary Ward (daughter of another noted Gaelic worker)—and "The Cold Sleep of Brighideen," which came to her as she sat in a picturesque graveyard that, through all the year's rounds, contemplates its image in the glassed waters of lovely Lough Finn.

In the year just past there occurred to me a strange little incident, strikingly reminiscent of that visit of nineteen years ago.

As we crossed a lovely moor, on Ethna Carbery's first day in Donegal, she discovered at her foot a bush of white heather—something which I, in all my life's scampering over the moors, had never discovered. Last year, 1917, after lecturing in the city of Galveston, a lady in the audience, an American woman of one of the Southern States, brought up to me a book, upon the title-page of which was sewn a well-preserved sprig of the white heather plucked by Ethna Carbery on that bright day in Donegal! By various hands, over lands and seas, through leagues of space and years of time, it had journeyed and meandered, till the same sprig that Ethna Carbery had first shown me on the Donegal moor, now, in the hands of an unknown, greeted my eye again on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico!

I had met and made the acquaintance of Ethna Carbery and Alice Milligan, two years previous to their Donegal visit. I had contributed to the second and almost every succeeding number of the *Shan Van Vocht*. In their apportioning the work of corresponding with contributors and friends of the magazine, the young schoolmaster from the Donegal mountains was assigned to Ethna Carbery. At Easter the young Master was sent as delegate from his home association to the Teachers' Annual Congress in Belfast. On a morning of Easter week I met Alice Milligan, drudging like a charwoman in the office of the paper. On the afternoon of the same day I met Ethna Carbery at the house of the Milligans. And we spent the evening at Ethna Carbery's charming home under the Cave Hill—a home that was awe-inspiring to the raw, awkward, homespun-clad mountain boy. Yet with Ethna's Donegal mother dominating a Donegal hungry group, it was a Donegal evening which the mountain-boy should never forget— and an evening, too, which opened up to him the Eden of the great world, and the intellectual world.

I was their most constant contributor thenceforward—till I departed for America in the fall of '98. In the Spring of that year, I, both sadly, and gladly, turned the key in my little school for the last time—primarily because I thirsted to write entirely—and secondarily, because the good authorities were making my teaching career uncomfortable and were likely, any day, to do themselves the pleasure of locking me out, if I did not anticipate them by locking myself out. For, during the eight years (beginning in boyhood) of my teaching, when the Irish national schoolmaster dare not divulge to his pupils the dread secret that Ireland had a history, I had considered it the conscientious duty of an Irish schoolmaster to instil in the breasts of his pupils (and indeed of the adults of his district) undivided loyalty to their country, and undivided hostility to their country's spoliator. Consequently I ended my career as I began it, a Third Class Teacher—because there was no Fourth Class.

In the *Shan Van Vocht*, on the month after my sailing, Ethna Carbery's poem, "Paistín Fionn," published over the purposely misleading initials E.D.M. (and the authorship of which I did not learn till nearly three years later) expressed the regret and sympathy felt by a deeply sympathetic friend at the sudden and sad-hearted departure of the mountainy boy:—

> "O, Paistín Fionn but it vexed her sore,
> The day you turned from your mother's door
> For the wide gray sea, and the strife and din
> That lie beyond, where the ships go in."

None else of all his friends was so overjoyed as was Ethna Carbery when, within eight months, the mountain boy had got entrance to every leading magazine in America—had successfully published his first American book (dedicated to the friend whom he most esteemed,

Ethna Carbery)—had established himself in the American writing world—and was sailing back to Donegal to prosecute his new career.

Two years afterward, Ethna Carbery came with him to his mountains—her mountains—the purpling hills that had from infancy been beckoning her poet soul. At Revelinn, on the estuary of the rolling Eske, just directly opposite the ruined Abbey of Donegal where the Four Masters had lovingly toiled for Ireland—and a bow-shot from the old castle in which her hero, Red Hugh, had held royal court—in a house and scene beautifully pictured by Alice Milligan in her "House of the Apple-trees"—Ethna Carbery settled down to her new life. "Oh, it is glorious here!" she wrote to a friend in Dublin. "Sea, and bay, and river, and dear beautiful shadowy hills! I live poetry."

In the little while that God left her on the Eske she penned many of the finest poems that flowed from her overflowing soul. She worked over, too, the stories, equally beautiful as the poems, which now form her rarely poetic book of stories, "The Passionate Hearts." And also, from the leading story in that book, she sketched out, and was elaborating, the plan for a novel, which, if it had been permitted her to write, would have given Ireland a new classic.

And thus, when she was elatedly congratulating herself that her work for Ireland was begun in earnest, she suddenly found the Noiseless One, leaning over her shoulder, take the pen from her eager hand and across the well-begun page write—FINIS.

V.

Ethna Carbery was Ireland's singing handmaid. By both great and humble she has been taken to the Irish heart. As further years pass her place in the Irish heart will be even more firmly established. She was *the* Irish

poet of what is known as the Revival period. In some qualities a few—a very few—of the Irish poets of the period surpass Ethna Carbery. But in the wide range and sum of poetic qualities she was not only unsurpassed but unequalled.

She was the Irish poet of the period, not, however, merely because of her higher poetic quality, but for the far larger reason that she reached the Irish heart as it had not been reached by any Irish poet in a century. One American poet-critic, considering her in a still wider aspect, rates her as "One of the few great poets of the last hundred years." Her books, "The Four Winds of Eirinn," and "The Passionate Hearts," and "In the Celtic Past," were bought up with an eagerness unknown in the Irish book world for a century. These books, but especially her book of poems, rapidly running through edition after edition, were to be found, well-thumbed and well-worn, in thousands of the little cottages, in the remotest mountains of Ireland. This is I think the supreme proof of her Irish greatness—her priority as Ireland's National poet.

While she lived she was a quiet strong nationalizing force. Since she passed she has been every year an infinitely stronger nationalizing force. She has won hosts of young Irishmen and women to nationality. She has strengthened and developed their nationality in other hosts that needed it. Even where it was unnoticed by the workers, the spirit of Ethna Carbery has been a leaven working in the mass of every National movement in the present century.

A few of our leading literary men have assumed that literature is literature only when it serves no useful end—above all, no national end. If literature aided Ireland it then ceased to be literature—and ceased to be noteworthy. Ethna Carbery's work was designedly national—and only incidently aimed at being literature.

Yet I have little doubt that her work will, in Ireland, be prized as rare literature when the writings of the orthodox ones will be neglected.

Her spirit has travelled with her writings to the four ends of the earth, and won to her standard crusading enthusiasts. Out of the most unexpected quarters, from time to time, I get letters from grateful ones, telling their gratitude for having come to know Ethna Carbery—letters from people of diverse nationalities and in most diverse walks of life—proving the universality of the Irish poet's genius. A day-labourer on the streets of a Pacific Coast city wrote me a letter in the course of which he said: "'The Four Winds of Eirinn' is my companion going to work these days. When I am resting under a wall at lunch-time I am reading it. God bless the beautiful heart of her that left us these beautiful messages!" Brief though my space be here, I cannot resist quoting in full two of these letters from two individuals widely separated in time, place, nationality, and rank of life.

Of the sheaves of letters that Ethna Carbery's books have called forth, I thought that none would have more rejoiced Ethna Carbery's heart than this from a poor Scottish working girl, who, in a subsequent letter, told me "I have lived and worked all my life in mean streets, with never a glimpse nor a smell of the brown earth and the green fields I love. I never saw a robin nor heard the cuckoo until last year. I saw a bit of sky from our window":—

"No. 5 —— ——,
"Cathcart,
"Scotland.

"Dear Mr. MacManus,

"I write to tell you what I would have told dear Ethna Carbery had I known her beautiful poems sooner. She had a beautiful face and in her works her beautiful soul is revealed. I am not Irish, I am not even Celtic,

but I love dear Ethna Carbery. I discovered 'The Four Winds of Erinn' on a bookstall, and Gill & Son sent me one or two since, because I never keep a good thing like that to myself. I know that two librarians in Glasgow have added 'The Passionate Hearts' and 'In the Celtic Past' to the library at my suggestion. But they need no advocate once the book is opened. If I were a great musician I would write music for her lovely songs, and deem it my greatest honour. I have two younger sisters who don't read much, but often when we are early abed on Sunday night and not too inclined for sleep they ask like children for a story of Ethna Carbery's. If Ethna Carbery left a child then I love it for its dead mother's sake. I am neither learned nor cultured and I am not able to offer any critical appreciation of her poems nor any intellectual review of her books. I can only say they have stirred my heart, which is not always accomplished by more ambitious writers who may often quicken the mind but seldom the pulse.

"I am only a blacksmith's daughter working for my living at uncongenial work, but I am of the class she wrote for, the class to which all poets and novelists must appeal for that love, which alone means true success.

"My sister said to me the other evening, when I had decked her for a dance, 'Why you are as pleased at me being nice, as if it was yourself?' I told her it was, at least the next best thing, to being nice myself. But I am sure that you know, as I know, that it is far, far nicer to hear someone we love, praised, than to be praised ourselves.

"Forgive me if I have taken a liberty, but I thought it might please you who love her so much, to know that she had won a place in hearts far removed from the land of her love.

"Yours sincerely,

"JESSIE J. SIBBALD."

In this little article, where I have not space for the laudatory opinions of people of widely-known name, I eagerly set down the letter of the working girl—both because it will gratify the spirit of the poet who has passed, and because its simple charm graces and adds value to my poor memoir.

By way of contrast to the letter from the Scottish working girl, I want to set down a letter, short and lovely, from a famed American poet—showing how Ethna Carbery's poems struck a literary-gifted one. It is from the picturesque Poet of the Sierras:—

"MY GENTLE POET,

"I read the little book through at once, and I thank you and thank you for the most delightful memories of my life. The music lives and lingers as some far faint song of the minstrels of old time, that I may never hear again; as perfume and memory blending in one; and indescribable.

"You know I live with open doors, and a friend carried off your dear wife's little book soon after I read it; and that is why it is sweet memory. I have been waiting for it, and it will come. One thing that most moved me is the loyalty, the love, the one wild cry of devotion to her land, her heroes—an atmosphere of a diviner age.

"With love to you and to her sweet memory,

"JOAQUIN MILLER."

I wish I could set down here—which I cannot—some of the beautiful laments, prose and poem, written by various ones upon the loss of Ethna Carbery. I shall only give space to one—selfishly, one of my own. Many laments were written, but *the* lament has never been heard. It lies deep in the hearts' depths of all who knew her—of all the many who loved her and lost her. For, in her passing, many lost. Ireland lost. The world lost.

Ethna Carbery's bones lie in the little graveyard of Inver. There, under the weeping trees, with the mournful brown mountains in the distance stretching their loving arms around her, sleeps Ethna Carbery—Ethna Carbery's body.

That her soul sleeps not, Ireland knows.

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN DOOR.

Lone is the house of my Love,
The house with the green door
That opened to let my Love in,
And opened never before.

It shut behind her that day;
In my face blew the bitter rain;
I cried aloud at the door,
Calling her name—in vain.

Oft I went back through the storm,
Strong the impulse that bore me,
Stinging the sleet in my face,
And chill the welcome before me.

It opened but once before,
Once it will open again,
The house with the green door,
And noiseless bolt and chain.

Many my fruitless journeys;
Yet, sometime the light will burn,
And friends watch late in my house,
And I shall not return.

I shall have found my welcome,
And a wide-thrown green door:
And I will tarry, in my Love's house
Shut close for evermore.

The following pages contain Advertisement of Books by Ethna Carbery and Seumas MacManus.

ETHNA CARBERY'S BOOKS.

The Four Winds of Eirinn. New Edition, with Memoir by Seumas MacManus, also Portrait. Price, cloth bound, **3s. 6d.**; postage, **5d.** Gill, Dublin.

The Four Winds of Erinn Booklets. Being Six Selected Songs, viz.:—

The Heathery Hill.	**Niamh.**
Moorloch Mary.	**Mary from Carrick.**
Beannacht Leat.	**The Green Woods of Truagh.**

Set to old Irish Airs, each illustrated with a picture in five colours.
Each Booklet, **6d.** Post free, **7½d.**; or the set, **2s. 6d.**; postage, **4d.** Gill, Dublin.

The Passionate Hearts. Love Stories. Cover designed by "Æ." Paper, **1s.**; Cloth, **2s.** Postage, **3d.** Gill, Dublin.

From the Celtic Past. Hero Tales. Paper, **1s.**; Cloth, **2s.**; postage, **4d.** Gill, Dublin.

SOME BOOKS OF SEUMAS MacMANUS

Ireland's Case. The Irish Publishing Co., New York (1918). Price **$1·10** post free in America (3rd edition, 8,000, in the Press).

Yourself and the Neighbours. Price, **$1.50.** Postage, **6d.** Devin-Adair Co., New York.

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